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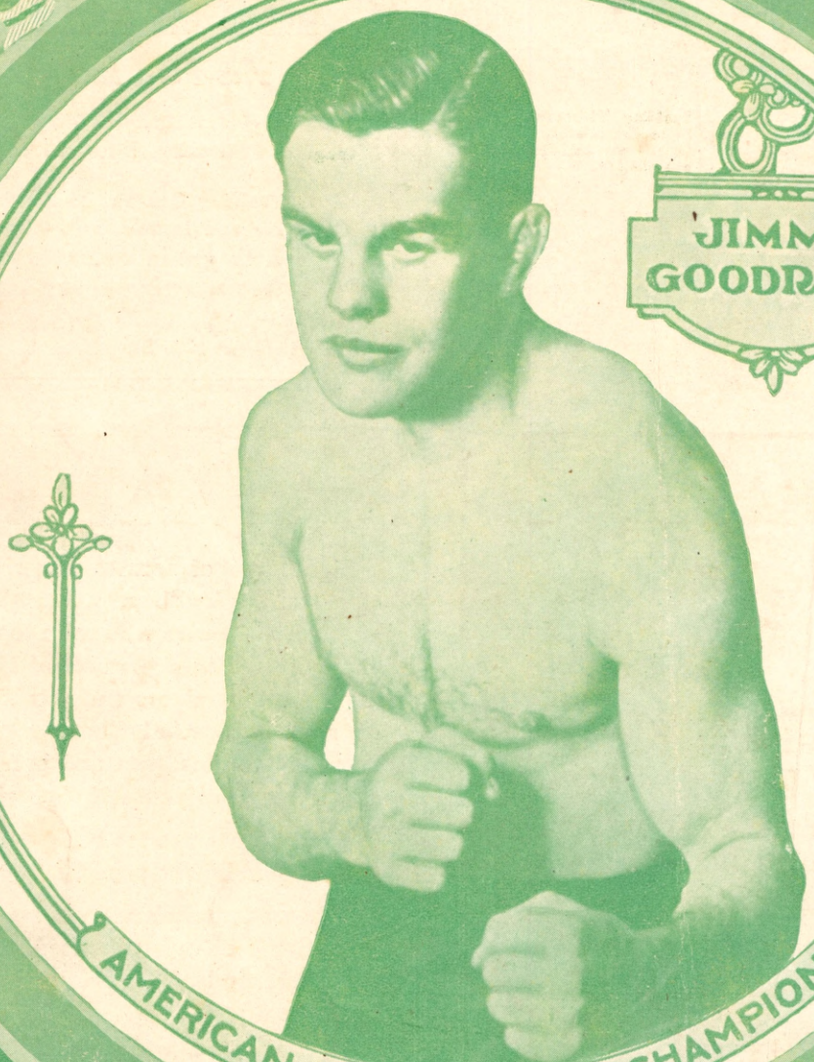

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AUGUST, 1925

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Vol. 4 No. 7

The RING

World's Foremost **Boxing Magazine**

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Copyright, 1925

AUGUST, 1925

Published Monthly

15 cents per copy
20 cents in Canada

Business and Editorial Offices:
91 Seventh Avenue, New York City, N. Y. Telephone Watkins 6382

$1.50 per year
$1.75 in Canada
$2.00 Foreign

NAT. S. FLEISCHER, President and Editor **A. D. PHILLIPS, Secretary and Treasurer**

For Advertising Rates Address The Ring, Inc., 91 Seventh Avenue, New York City

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Associate Editors: Francis Albertanti, A. D. Phillips, Jack Kofoed, John L. (Ike) Dorgan, and "DANIEL"
Entered as second class matter March 3, 1922, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.
Sole Distributors for Canada and Newfoundland: Imperial News Company, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver. For Cuba, Diamond News Co., Havana. PR

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HOW THEY TRAINED IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS!

EXHILARATING EXERCISE FOR SWEATING THE WHOLE BODY—ROLLING, CHASING AND PICKING UP THE SMALL CANNON BALL.

The above is the reproduction of a woodcut showing how John C. Heenan did his road work for his bout with Morrissey

"Stop, Look and Listen," Billy Brady's Advice to Boxers and Promoters

By DANIEL

"STOP, Look and Listen! That's my advice to the boxing managers and promoters in this country—particularly those in New York."

This timely warning comes from William A. Brady, the only man who ever managed two heavyweight champions—first James J. Corbett and then James J. Jeffries. We asked Mr. Brady recently to discuss with us, for publication in The Ring, the salient developments in boxing and the signs of the times. He talked entertainingly and with wisdom, for Billy Brady has no superior in knowledge of the technique and what might be termed the politics of the ring.

"What do you think of the heavyweight situation?" we asked Mr. Brady.

"The tactics being pursued by Jack Kearns and others in the heavyweight circle are as plain as the nose on Willard's face after Dempsey had finished pecking and banging at it," laughed the veteran showman. "The stage is being set elaborately for a Dempsey-Wills battle. A contest between Jack and the negro would be the greatest attraction in the history of boxing—greater by far than the Dempsey-Carpentier 'Battle of the Century.'

"MAJOR factors in a big match are international rivalry or racial feeling. When you back either of these with the elements of a real match between men who seem to be on a par in fistic ability, you attain the absolute ideal of the promoter.

"The Dempsey-Wills situation is that ideal. The racial rivalry is there and so is the even match. You could pack any arena in the country with that fight and get a gate of close to a million and a half dollars."

"Whom would you favor in a Dempsey-Wills fight?" we queried

"I like Wills' chances against Dempsey," came back Mr. Brady without hesitation. "That is, unless age comes fast on the negro before all the stage setting and feinting can be completed. At the same time, don't forget that Dempsey isn't getting any younger, either. He may be waiting for Harry to age but he is waiting through his own best years—years he never will get back—those golden twenties. How they cry for them when they have gone and how they bewail their inaction in their flaming youth when the deadening thirties set in!"

"Wills is a master craftsman in the ring," continued Mr. Brady after a spell of silent cogitation and flashing back to the flaming youth of Corbett and Jeffries and other ring luminaries whom he had managed and seconded

William A. Brady

through the years. "Of course, you saw Wills beat Firpo over in Jersey City last Summer. You heard the crowd hiss and boo. They didn't like the fight. Some of the experts gave what is known as the wild razzberry to both boxers.

"THAT was unjust to Wills. Since the days of the clever Corbett I had not seen another exhibition of crafty fighting even approaching Will's work against the Argentinian. I will not say that the negro made a fight which was pretty to look at for the average ringsider, who goes too much by the superficial and has only too small a knowledge of the finer points involved.

"But Wills accomplished just what he set out to do in the manner in which he wanted to do it. Wills went out to make a monkey of Firpo without taking a single chance himself. Harry had seen Firpo knock Dempsey out of the ring at the Polo Grounds and he knew that it did not pay to take any chances with the wild swinging Argentinian. Just why Dempsey fought as he did against Firpo nobody—not even Jack himself—knows. The champion pursued a foolish policy and came within an ace of losing the championship.

"Incidentally, if I had been in Firpo's corner that night, the Argentinian would have got the world championship or another chance in the immediate future. I would have jumped into the ring as soon as Dempsey was assisted back into the arena and would have claimed the title. There were other points on which a wise man in the Firpo corner could have claimed a foul—Dempsey's hitting the Argentinian while he still was taking the count, for example. Jack certainly lost his head that night.

"IF Firpo's second had jumped into the ring the officials would have been forced to hand the fight to the South American or order a return match soon afterward. Now Firpo is a hasbeen. What a sucker that man was! What a big headed sucker for not getting a real manager to handle him in and outside the ring!

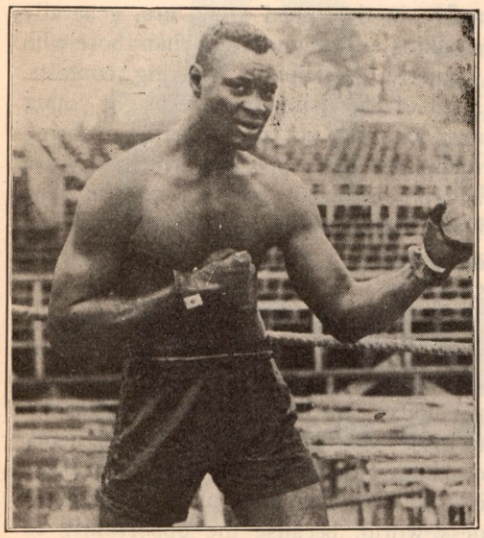
"To go back to Wills in my rambling discussion—Harry handled Firpo just as he wanted to and made him look foolish. He did all of that without taking a chance and getting any punishment. The negro's ring generalship was in marked contrast with that of Dempsey. Wills was cool and collected and sneering. Dempsey was a hothead. Wills would be just as cool against Dempsey. The negro is big, clever, fast and powerful.

"You know, Dempsey has got to get his man in three or four rounds. If his opponent lasts beyond that stage the champion is at a loss. He is of the rushing, tearing, impetuous type. If Wills carried Dempsey beyond the fifth round the championship would change hands. Paste that in your hat and re-

fer back to it when Dempsey and Wills get into the ring."

"WHAT is your opinion of the other outstanding fighters in the heavyweight situation? How about Gene Tunney, Young Stribling, Jimmy Slattery, and the other comers? What are Jack Delaney's chances of developing?" we asked.

"Wills is far and away the greatest contender for the title," Mr. Brady replied. "Wills is of the Corbett type. So is Slattery. There's a comer even if he was knocked out by Dave Shade. If I were in the fight game I would go



Harry Wills
Favored by Brady to beat Dempsey

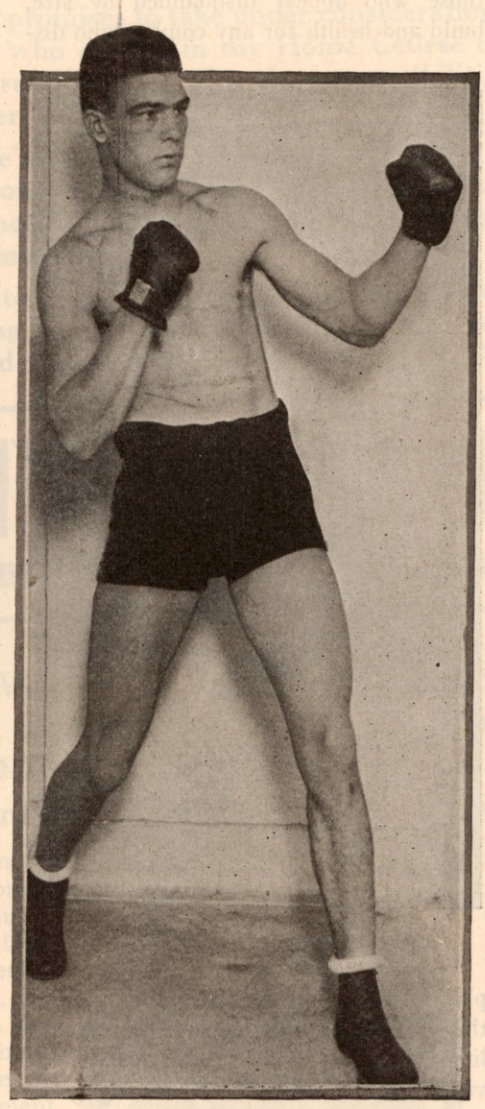
pretty high to land the management of the Buffalo youngster. He has ability—cleverness and a punch, and he has color. If he had a tendency toward the swelled head I don't doubt that Shade destroyed it. If developed he would have more color than most anybody since the day of John L. Sullivan, the most prismatic figure in the history of the ring.

"Slattery is Irish—and he can fight. He has a way of fighting which is not only effective but plays to the crowd. Of late he has developed his punch. He should be one of the best drawing cards boxing ever has seen.

"Dempsey is the Frank Slavin or Sullivan of this period. Stribling is the Kid McCoy of the time. He is erratic and unreliable, and I doubt if he is being handled expertly. He is in danger of being burned out before he can get anywhere near the top.

"THERE is something of the Corbett about Tunney. There's a fighter in a thousand—as fine a fellow as there has been in the ring. Tunney undoubtedly is coming along at a fast clip and will demand a say in the heavyweight situation. He is being handled well and has a level head.

"Gibbons, of course, is through. He was pitiful against Tunney and talk of a return match is foolish. Gibbons should retire. Tom had a rude awakening against Tunney. It took him four rounds to realize that he could not win on points and another two rounds that he could not win under any circumstances. Those dying flurries in the ninth and eleventh rounds sapped whatever reserve Gibbons had and he



Young Stribling
The Kid McCoy of this era

came up for the twelfth an old and beaten man.

"When you mention Jack Delaney, you intrigue me. I have been watching him with great interest, for I think he is a real great fighter. I have been around for a good many years and I have seen some great battlers, but it remained for Delaney to show me something this Summer that I never had seen before.

"I saw Delaney feint standing still. Nobody ever had done that before. He weaves with his body. He doesn't give the slightest indication as to which hand is coming."

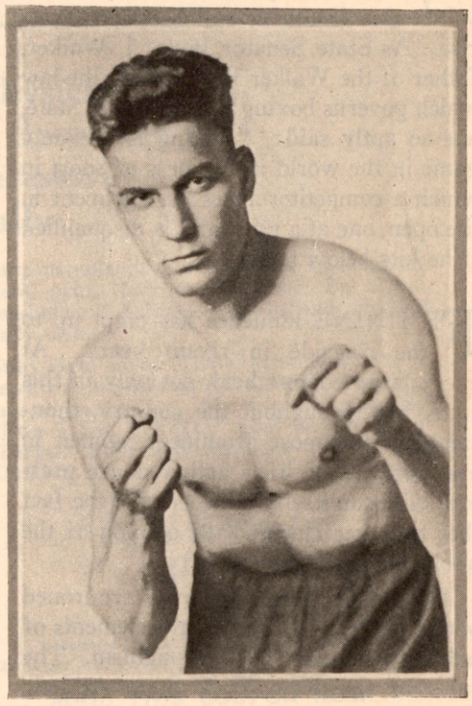
"WHAT do you think of the signs in the divisions below that ruled by Dempsey?" we asked.

"The outstanding match there is a Leonard-Walker fight," Mr. Brady replied. "I have no doubt that they will meet within the next year. I hear that the thing already has been arranged and that Leonard is back in training. It's too much money for anybody to pass up. Leonard can afford to take that one fight and the quarter of a million it would bring him and then quit, no matter what the result.

"I haven't paid much attention to the smaller fellows. I don't think we have made much progress in those divisions since McGovern, Dixon and battlers of that class."

"What's your impression of Dempsey? Is he the best yet?" we asked.

"No—decidedly no. Nor was John L. Sullivan the greatest," went on the veteran. "I don't think that Dempsey could have beaten one side of Jim Jeffries. I have no personal love for Jim at this time. But I do retain my respect for his ring prowess. He was slow to become aroused. He should have knocked out Corbett in three or



Jack Delaney
Has distinctive style

four rounds, yet he allowed Jim to stick around for twenty-four rounds, outpointing him, until I finally got Jeffries to work himself into a fighting mood and knock Corbett kicking.

"JEFFRIES should have whipped Tom Sharkey in six or seven

(*Continued on page* 19)

In Defense of Boxing

By JAMES A. FARLEY

Chairman, New York State Boxing Commission

BOXING, in the present generation, has come into its own as the most universal element in the upbuilding of the youth of the world. It is giving stimulus to athletics in the public schools, courage and confidence to the students at colleges, and is the outstanding feature of the development of enlisted men in our army and navy.

The World War broke down the barriers against the sport and disarmed the cranks and reformers who for years had assailed it. In every training camp and cantonment in this country and abroad, while the war was in progress, hundreds of boxing instructors were teaching our boys the manly art of self-defense, in addition to which the boxers were providing entertainment and amusement for the service men while our boys were preparing for the battles ahead.

Boxing to-day is taught in the gymnasiums of church clubs and preachers of eminence of every creed testify to its value as a healthful and harmless exercise. As State Senator James J. Walker, father of the Walker Boxing Bill, the law which governs boxing in New York State, has so aptly said: "Boxing is the only game in the world in business or sport in which a competitor faces his opponent in the open, one at a time, and is disqualified if he hits below the belt."

FEMININE influence has crept up to the ringside in recent years. At every large contest held, not only in this state, but throughout the country, thousands of the most prominent women in every sphere of life's activities are present. This, in itself, is evidence of the fact that time has changed the opinion of the public toward boxing.

Time and legalized control have ironed out of professional boxing the elements of brutality that once marked pugilism. The rules of the New York State Athletic Commission, for example, compel equal matches, and the supervision is so thorough and complete that only the physically fit are allowed to compete. In the olden days pugilists were barroom idols. Most every champion had his name in electric lights in front of his own saloon. To-day it is not uncommon to find ambitious youths in the ring boxing to gain the means to maintain themselves while studying for a professional career.

Boxing is unique among sports because it is the only sport that inculcates in the spectator unconquerable spirit. If you study the spectators at any boxing match, and particularly the championship matches, you will find that it is invariably those who appear disqualified by size, build and health for any combat who display the most enthusiasm and emotion as the contest wages in the ring. The weaklings seem to visualize themselves as invincible gladiators. Thus, boxing gives to the weak a quality of mind that in a measure offsets the lack of stature in body.

James A. Farley

THE manly art of self-defense has met with vicissitudes in its advance to its present state of perfection. The first boxers recorded in history fought with iron-clad fists in the stadium near the destroyed city of Pompeii. James Figg, later a champion of England, introduced fighting with the bare knuckles in 1719, and in 1734 established the first boxing school in London. Boxing has grown from the murderous conflict of the Roman arena through the bare-knuckle days of the London prize ring, to the scientific contest of brains and skill of the present day. A score of years ago boxing was unknown outside of the United States and the British Isles. Now France is producing champions, Germany and Italy have developed contenders, and the South American countries are all represented in the ring with first class talent. One of the present day champions, Pancho Villa, is a Filipino.

The type of young men who are now active in the roped arena are, generally speaking, of a higher class than those who formerly participated in ring contests. Most of the champions are bright young men who are not only capable of being successful in the sport in which they are actively engaged, but are of the type mentally who could go out into the world and become a success in other fields of endeavor.

I might mention that fighting for the sheer satisfaction of fighting is not done any more. Percentages and purses, not prejudices, are back of all prize ring activities. Boxing is a business that many of the youth of to-day elect to follow, instead of taking their place in the business world, because the opportunity to earn a vast amount of money in the early days of one's life is great.

Boxing is one of America's leading industries. The annual sum taken in at boxing contests in this country amounts to many millions of dollars.

BOXING contests are to-day so well regulated under legalized control that the opposition to them has become disorganized, and many who at one time were among the opponents are now listed with the staunchest supporters. There is some criticism to-day regarding exorbitant demands of the champions.

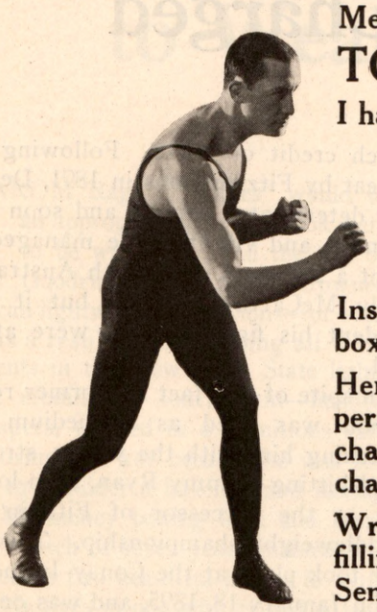
The New York State Athletic Commission has endeavored to eliminate this by prohibiting guarantees and forcing all title holders to defend their crowns within a reasonable period. It would be difficult to stipulate the maximum amount any boxer is to receive.

In the boxing game a champion's worth is governed by his drawing power. Nearly a hundred thousand people paid more than a million dollars to see four minutes of actual combat when Jack Dempsey met Luis Firpo. Dempsey was paid more than $100,000 a minute for his services.

The Boxing Commission has also fixed

(*Continued on page 22*)

Two Messages from Benny Leonard



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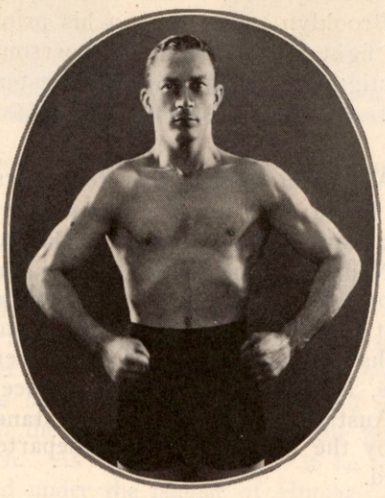

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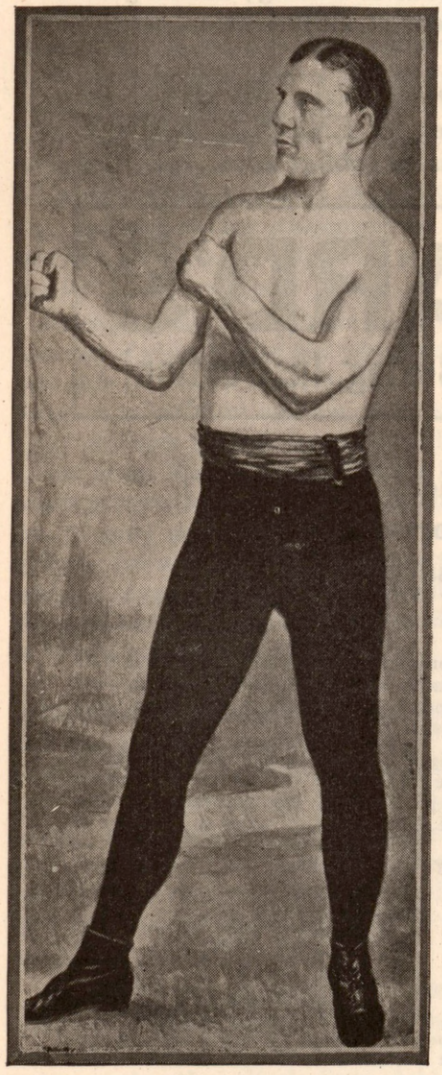
Nonpareil Jack Dempsey's Grave Not Neglected, As Often Charged

By CHARLES F. MATHISON

MUCH regret has been expressed at intervals over the supposed neglect of the last resting place of Jack Dempsey, the Nonpareil, who held the middleweight championship until he met Fitzsimmons in the ring at New Orleans, January 14, 1891. One indignant admirer of the late champion broke out in a versified pro-



Nonpareil Jack Dempsey

test against the slight to Dempsey, as follows:

Far out in the wilds of Oregon, on a lonely mountain side
Where Columbia's mighty waters rush down to the Ocean's tide
And the giant firs and cedars are shadowed in the wave;
O'ergrown with ferns and lichens, I found poor Dempsey's grave.
I saw no marble monolith, no broken shaft nor stone
Recording sixty victories this vanquished fighter won;
No rose nor shamrock did I see, nor mortal here to tell
Where sleeps in that forsaken spot, the Immortal Nonpareil.
Unlauded by a thousand throats that thundered his acclaim,
Forgotten by the myriad friends who cheered his very name;
'Tis strange Americans should forget their bravest of the brave,
And in the wilds of Oregon, unmarked leave Dempsey's grave.
Tho' naught there was to mark the mound within that grassy glade
Wherein the earth, unhonored, the hero had been laid.
Mid the mists of Night's Mantle the Angel guard weeps
To brighten with verdure the spot where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, tho' in silence it rolls,
Shall keep poor Jack's memory green in our souls.

It would appear, however, that there has been no foundation for the belief that the Nonpareil was not treated with proper respect. The reports as to the neglected condition of Dempsey's grave were brought to the attention of Terry McGovern at a time when the Brooklyn terror was in his prime as a fighter, and he made a personal investigation on one of his Western trips.

FAR from being neglected, Terry found that a pretentious monument marked the last resting place of the Nonpareil, and that the stone bore the proper inscription. To remove all doubt on the subject, Terry had photographs of the grave and monument made, in one of which Tom Tracey, the Australian welter is shown, standing by the tombstone of his departed friend.

Another photograph shows the grave covered with floral tributes. What the present condition of the monument may be is a matter of conjecture, but it certainly was in good condition as late as a decade ago. Therefore the friends of the Nonpareil have nothing to reproach themselves for.

Yet during his lifetime some of Dempsey's so-called friends were guilty of an act that did not reflect much credit on them. Following his defeat by Fitzsimmons in 1891, Dempsey deteriorated rapidly and soon lost stamina and vitality. He managed to fight a 20-round draw with Australian Billy McCarthy in 1894, but it was evident his fighting days were at an end.

In spite of this fact his former reputation was used as a medium for matching him with the young, strong, hard-hitting Tommy Ryan, then looming as the successor of Fitz in the middleweight championship. This affair took place at the Coney Island A. C. on January 18, 1895, and was one of

Paying a Visit to Nonpareil's Grave

the deplorable matches that were plentiful in those days of go-as-you-please pugilism. The present commission would have forbidden the match, but Dempsey, an invalid, was permitted to get into the ring with one of the greatest boxers in the history of the class.

IT was evident to the onlookers that Dempsey was in danger of serious injury if hit by Ryan, and the first light jab landed by the youngster caused Dempsey to nearly fall against the ropes. However, if the promoters of the match were heartless, a majority of the spectators were not.

"Don't hit him, Tommy," came cries from all about the arena.

Ryan stepped back, dropped his hands and regarded Dempsey closely.

(*Continued on page 19*)

From Rags to Riches—or the Rapid Rise to Wealth of Jimmy Goodrich

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

"FROM Rags to Riches" would be an appropriate title if a book were to be written around the life of Jimmy Goodrich. The newly crowned American lightweight champion—for such he is as a result of eliminating all U. S. opponents in the New York State lightweight elimination tournament—hustled newspapers, worked in a munitions factory during the war because he was too young to shoulder a bayonet, and having saved his money boxing here and there over a stretch of seven years enabled him to purchase two beautiful homes in Buffalo. He lives in one with friend wifey; the other keeps him on Easy Street collecting the well known rents.

After a lapse of twenty-five years Buffalo is paying homage to a champion. Back in 1910 Frank Erne, one of the greatest lightweights that ever laced on a glove, put the thriving upstate city on the pugilistic map by vanquishing the invincible Joe Gans. Goodrich was a babe in arms when Erne ruled the 135-pound roost.

Although such scrappers as Patsy Haley, Rocky Kansas, Frankie Schoell, Jimmy Slattery, Dick Loadman, Teddy Meyers, Paddy Lavan, Lockport Jimmy Duffy, K. O. Brennan and One-Round Davis endeavored to follow in Erne's footsteps, not one of them reached the heights that Goodrich ascended by virtue of victories scored over Eddie (Kid) Wagner, K. O. Jeakle, Sammy Mandell and Benny Valger in the New York State Athletic Commission's elimination tournament. Jimmy battled fifteen torrid rounds with the South American Stanislaus Loayza for the world's title vacated by Benny Leonard, at the Queensboro Stadium, Long Island City, July 13.

GOODRICH was christened James Edward Moran on July 30, 1900, the same year in whch his worthy predecessor and townsman Erne dethroned Gans. Following the time honored custom of stage and ring, Jimmy took an alias when he entered boxing. His stepfather's name was Goodrich. So Jimmy took Goodrich as his nom de guerre.

Jimmy has had a lot of fights since he started in the game seven years ago when he was a stripling of seventeen. In that short space of time he fought 'em all, except Leonard. He battled Johnny Dundee ten hard rounds at Toronto, Canada, two years ago; defeated Alex Hart, Billy De Foe, Pal Moran, Andy Chaney, Benny Valger, Danny Cooney, Mandell, Sammy Vogel, Charley Manty, Freddie Jacks, Tommy Noble, Bobby Michaels, Red Cap Wilson, Teddy

Humbert J. Fugazy, Manager of Jimmy Goodrich

Meyers, Phil Logan, Pedro Campo, Joe Lawson, Mixer Mitchell and a lot of others gone and forgotten.

When the lightweight tournament got under way in New York City one could write his own ticket that he would not reach the semi-finals, let alone the final match. As luck would have it he enrolled under the banner of Humbert J. Fugazy, promoter of the recent gigantic Italian Hospital Fund carnival, himself a corking lightweight prospect during the Horton Law days before his dad pleaded that he hang up the gloves.

The first thing he underwent upon going under Fugazy's management was a course in self confidence. That confidence, plus the ability to adapt himself to the style of his opponents, carried Goodrich to the front. Goodrich never would have had the chance to compete in the tourney had it not been for his great stand against Sid Terris, at the Pioneer Club, last winter. Sid got the "duke," but Jimmy gave him such a terrific fight that the gallery boys howled their heads off against the verdict.

THERE is an interesting story behind the early adventures in boxing of almost any young man who makes his way to the front on the cauliflower exchange. Jimmy may attribute his present enviable position to the presence of a bully in the steel plant where the Buffalo boy earned his first dollars. But for the bullying youth Jimmy might still be pursuing his trade of tool maker.

"It was eight years ago that I was working in a steel plant in Buffalo," began Goodrich, "learning to be a tool maker that I got the fighting bug in my bonnet. Our foreman was a tough guy and he had a younger brother working with us who aspired to be just as tough. He made it a habit to poke one of us in the nose at the slightest provocation and he got away with it, probably because none of us cared to risk the loss of the job going back at the foreman's brother.

"Working with us was a man who had been a boxer in his younger days," recalled Jimmy. "One day he asked me why I didn't take a punch at the bully. I told him I didn't want to lose my job, and, anyway, didn't figure I would do so well. The end of it was that he began taking me to a gymnasium at night. He socked me around pretty good for a time, but I found I could take the punches all right. I got so I could do pretty well. One night he put me in a four round bout at a smoker. I got $5 and thought it was a fortune.

"The fight bug bit me bad then, and I sometimes boxed four and five nights a week at smokers. They had one at the steel plant. I knocked a fellow out. The bully boy was there and saw me do it. From then on he was my best friend. He still is my friend and a good fellow, too, in spite of his rough stuff. I guess he was just a fresh kid like so many of us at that age."

WHAT was the toughest fight you ever had?" he was asked.

"The one in which I had to take the most punishment was with Billy De Foe

(*Continued on page 27*)

Greatest Bantam of 'Em All

By WILLIAM H. ROCAP

Chairman of Pennsylvania Boxing Commission—Copyright—All Rights Reserved

WHO was the best bantamweight boxer in America. The ring life and what a man accomplishes is what counts. Since the inception of the Marquis of Queensberry rules in this country, which practically sounded the death knell of the London Prize Ring code, some one man has stood out in all the classes. In the writer's judgment, Terry McGovern was the premier bantamweight of this country.

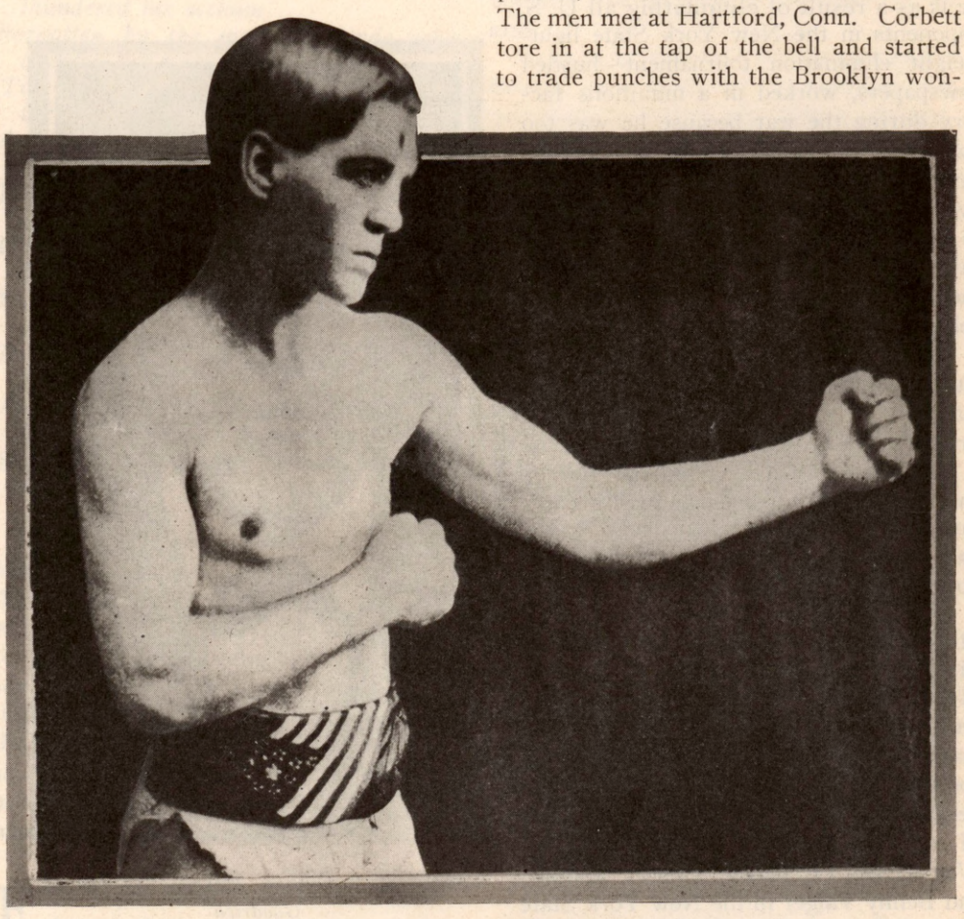
He was a product of the Cooper Shop district of Brooklyn, which had been the nursery of Jack Dempsey, Jack McAuliffe, Jack Skelly and many other noted boxers. Before he was seventeen years old, weighing less than 114 pounds, he began sending his opponents to dreamland with a single punch. He soon earned the sobriquet of "Terrible Terry," which adhered to him until he was twice forced to take the count by William H. Rothwell, known to ring-goers as Young Corbett.

Terry McGovern's ring career first attracted national notice in 1898, when he knocked out in succession, scarcely a month apart, Eugene Garcia, Harry Forbes, Tim Callahan, Paddy Donovan and Jimmy Rose.

He began in 1899 by beating Casper Leon, in 12 rounds; Patsey Haley, in 18; Sammy Kelly, in 5; Billy Barrett, in 10; Johnny Ritchie, in 3, and earned a 25-round decision over Joe Bernstein.

He was then hailed as the bantamweight champion of America. The country was scoured for a suitable opponent without success. Great Britain nominated Pedlar Palmer to wrest the title from the newly crowned bantamweight king. The bout took place at Tuckahoe, N. J., on September 12, 1899. It was witnessed by the wealth of Manhattan Island, Philadelphia, Boston and sportsmen from Eastern cities. The enthusiasts had scarcely settled back in their seats to witness a contest which they thought would make international history before it was over. In less than two minutes, McGovern caught the little, clever, elusive Briton with a punch on the jaw and Palmer dropped for the full count. The bout did make ring history, but not the kind Palmer's admirers expected. He was outclassed from the first tinkle of the bell.

THEN followed one of the most remarkable records of any boxer in his class in the American ring. Nothing seemed possible to stop McGovern's career. He mowed them all down—bantamweights, featherweights and even lightweights. It seem no matter which hand landed on an opponent's jaw, if it hit a nerve center it always spelled dreamland. Just to show that it was no chance punch that laid Patsey Haley and Harry Forbes low in their first contest, McGovern gave each a return match. Then he stopped Haley in the first round, and Forbes in the second.



Terry McGovern as he looked in his prime.

From the dawn of 1900 until he lost his title, November 28, 1901, his record was one of remarkable conquests. Few bantamweights or even featherweights cared to swap punches with the "Terrible Terry." Like the historic Alexander sighing for opponents to conquer, he was obliged to meet lightweights. He proved his great class when he stopped George Dixon in eight rounds, dropped Tommy Warren in one round, beat the wonderful master of boxing, Frank Erne, in less than three rounds, and gave the great lightweight, Joe Gans, his quietus in two rounds.

So consistent were McGovern's victories that he was labeled invincible. He took them on at any old weight, although he could easily scale 124 pounds himself.

Along came William H. Rothwell, unheralded, from Denver. Sportsmen knew him as Young Corbett. He had no trouble getting a match with the "Terrible Terry," making the weight 130 pounds, which was comfortable for him. The men met at Hartford, Conn. Corbett tore in at the tap of the bell and started to trade punches with the Brooklyn wonder. In the second round, a short right on the chin sent McGovern to the floor, where he remained for the full count.

When he struggled to his feet in a dazed condition, he could not realize that the bout was over. He made a frantic effort to get at Corbett, who stood coolly in his corner waiting for his opponent to recover. A return match was immediately sought by Sam Harris, who looked after McGovern's financial interests, but not until the heretofore invincible Brooklynite had beaten Dave Sullivan and Billy Maynard was he given the chance. On March 31, they met again, this time in a California ring, and Corbett duplicated his Hartford performance, but it took 11 rounds to do it.

(*Continued on page* 11)

Just An Earful

By TAD

(New York Evening Journal's Famous Cartoonist and Sports Expert—Used by Permission of King Features Syndicate, Inc.)

Griffo's Trick

KID GRIFFO, the great Australian boxer, may have been one of the cleverest mitt artists in the world, but according to Harry Tuthill, he NEVER WAS a glutton for work. Griffo would stand on a handkerchief and bet you a new hat that you couldn't chase him off. His cleverness was marvelous.

He was training at Coney Island years ago for a fight and was supposed to do ten miles of road work every morning.

Harry Tuthill, his trainer, sent him out one day and Griff's pet dog went with him. Instead of turning off the ten miles of hoofing, he sat under a tree, took a sleep and came back to camp. Tuthill looked at him and swore he hadn't done his running. "Look at the dog," said Harry; "he isn't even panting. I KNOW YOU DIDN'T RUN."

Griff denied everything and went out next morning again. He sat under the same tree, however, and had the dog waste an hour running after the stick.

When the dog was thoroughly tired out and panting Griff dipped his head into a water trough and returned. Tuthill took one look at him and his dog and said with a smile:

"THAT'S SOMETHING LIKE IT. I KNOW YOU WORKED TODAY."

* * *

He Liked 'Em Strong

THERE was an amateur fighter named Hickey years ago who was petrified from the shoulder blades up. He was fighting in a tournament at the New Polo Club one night and was sitting in his dressing room after having won two fights in succession.

Hickey feared no one, and really thought that he was the greatest lightweight the world had ever seen.

As he sat there his manager mentioned the different boys who had entered the tourney and were yet to be dealt with. Hickey feared none of them and even offered to wager some iron men that he'd knock them out in less than three rounds each. He was lacing his shoes when someone in the back of the room knocked over a bottle of liniment. Immediately the fumes roamed around the room and got to the beaks of those present.

One of the listeners started to cough and then chirped: "GEE, THAT ODOR IS STRONG."

"Well," piped Hickey, without even looking up, "I hope the fathead fights me. If there's one thing I do like, it's STRONG GUYS."

Greatest Bantam of 'Em All

(*Continued from page* 10)

McGOVERN boxed in ten contests after his dethronement. He won three and the other seven were no-decision affairs. He retired with the reputation, so far as the judgment of the writer goes, as the premier bantamweight of his time. He also holds the record of having, with Battling Nelson, drawn the biggest gate for a six-round bout in this country. On March 14, 1906, when they met in this city, the gate receipts totaled $21,564.

The once "Terrible Terry" is today but a shadow of his former self. He was the typical "good fellow," and despite a big benefit arranged for him, which netted a goodly sum of money, McGovern simply exists.

The arrangements for the great benefit which was planned to spare his wife and baby boy the pangs of want, brings to the writer's mind an incident which is well worth retelling here. John L. Sullivan had opened an engagement in Philadelphia and was sitting in his room at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel. Frank Hall, who looked after the "big fellow's" bookings, was at his elbow opening the morning's mail. And it was some mail, too. A large envelope was torn open and a package of tickets dropped on the floor. The letter was an appeal from the committee for Sullivan to cash some tickets for the McGovern benefit, arranged for the wife and child, who were facing distress.

Hall read the simple worded appeal. "What shall I do, John?" he asked. "Throw it in the waste basket," Sullivan growled. "But, John," Hall ejaculated, "Mrs. McGovern may be in dire need." "Well, if she is, she cannot wait for a benefit. Get out my check book. Send her a check at once for $100. If she needs money that badly, she should have it right away."

Later in the week the writer was with Sullivan again. He tossed a letter to me written in a woman's handwriting. No human being ever expressed such gratitude as did Mrs. McGovern in that brief note. It ended by saying that she would teach her boy to always honor and revere the name of John L. Sullivan. The once great heavyweight champion knew the real merit of Terry McGovern and no doubt would have agreed with the writer that he was the best bantamweight boxer in America.

Gene Tunney First Native New York Heavyweight Contender Since Tom Hyer

Greenwich Village Boxer May Fulfil Hope of the Metropolis for Another Title Holder

By NAT FLEISCHER

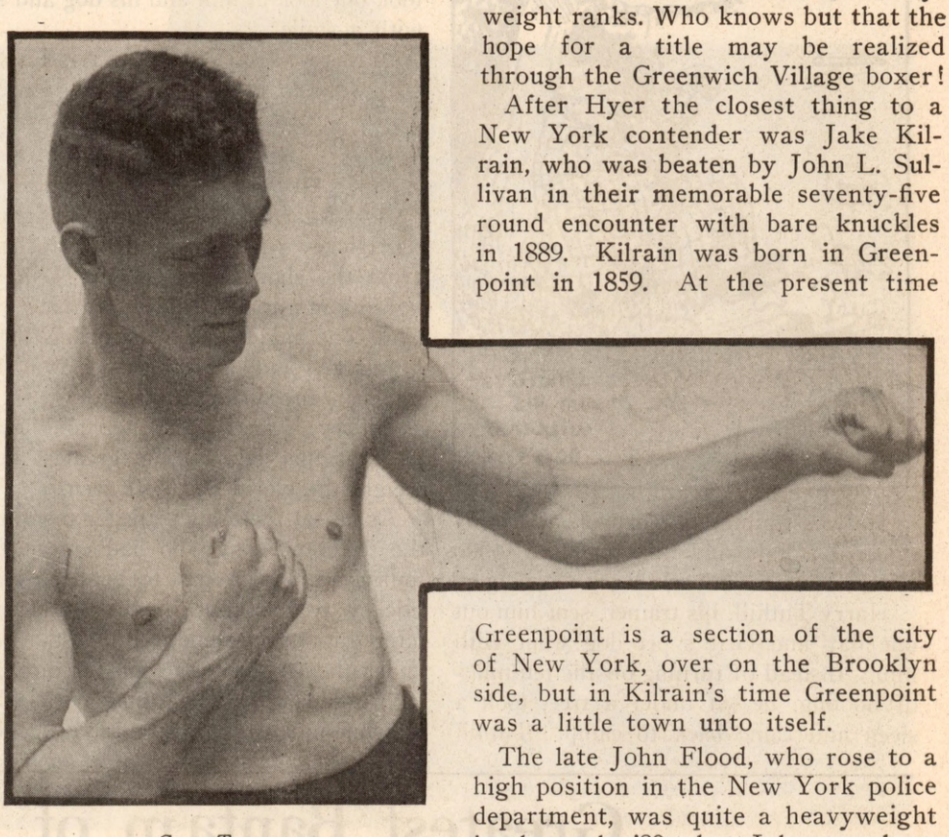
NEW YORK devotees of boxing are rather proud of Gene Tunney, the new heavyweight championship contender,—and for a multiplicity of excellent reasons. For one thing, Tunney, as he demonstrated in his brilliant knockout triumph over Tom Gibbons, possesses outstanding qualities. Then again, Gene is one of the best liked men in the ring, a credit to the game in every way. Add to this the highly important fact that Gene is one of the New York's own, born and bred in Greenwich Village, and you have a formidable mass of fact to account for the high regard in which the Metropolis holds the rival of Jack Dempsey.

Tunney is one of New York's own in fistic combat and he was quick to become one of New York's own when the call to the colors went out in 1917. Gene went into the Marines and with them he went through the rigors and hazards of that horrible campaign in France,—through Belleau Wood and the shambles which made the goriest of ring combats a pleasant little tea party. New York does not forget Tunney of Belleau Wood any more than it forgets Tunney of the Polo Grounds and that skilful exhibition which drove Gibbons from the limelight and on his way to retirement.

New York is excited, too, about Tunney for the good reason that much water has flowed through turbulent Hell Gate since the Big City had a contender in the heavyweight ranks who was born and raised within its confines. New York has had many a champion in other divisions but not since Tom Hyer and the roaring Forties has Little Old New York had a heavyweight title holder.

MANY a resident of New York has been either heavyweight king or contender since the day of Hyer, who was the first official American champion, but all were born elsewhere, many of them abroad. The closest to a counterpart of Tunney was Johnny Dwyer, who was born and bred in Brooklyn, which now is part of New York, but in Dwyer's day a city unto itself. Dwyer laid claim to the championship in 1879, after whipping Jimmy Elliott.

There are many points of similarity between Tunney and Tom Hyer. Their birth places are only a mile and a half apart. Hyer was born on the lower West Side of New York, close to the Battery. He was a rather well behaved young man and worked in a tannery. Then came the urge to break into the boxing game. Tom's father, Jacob Hyer, was the first white native American heavyweight of any prominence, so it was in the blood. Tom was not particularly fond of fighting or the atmosphere of the ring of the '40s.



Gene Tunney

Tom Hyer was born on January 1, 1819. He was a perfect physical specimen, standing 6 feet 2½ inches in his socks and scaling at 185 pounds. He rose to the championship through victories over "Country" McCloskey and Yankee Sullivan and then found that he had no more worlds to conquer and retired.

EVER since that day of Tom's retirement New York has been hoping for another native champion or even a contender, but it remained for Tunney to be the first to fulfil the desire for a real factor in the heavyweight ranks. Who knows but that the hope for a title may be realized through the Greenwich Village boxer!

After Hyer the closest thing to a New York contender was Jake Kilrain, who was beaten by John L. Sullivan in their memorable seventy-five round encounter with bare knuckles in 1889. Kilrain was born in Greenpoint in 1859. At the present time Greenpoint is a section of the city of New York, over on the Brooklyn side, but in Kilrain's time Greenpoint was a little town unto itself.

The late John Flood, who rose to a high position in the New York police department, was quite a heavyweight in the early '80s, but John was born in Ireland. His great battle with Sullivan on a barge off Yonkers in 1881, when Flood stood up for eight rounds against John L. in his prime, marks a romantic chapter in the history of the American ring.

John Morrissey, who lived in New York, where he was Member of Congress, gambler and bully, and later owner of the first race track and gambling layouts at Saratoga, became the heavyweight title holder as a New Yorker, but he was born in Ireland.

JOHN C. HEENAN, one of our outstanding heavyweight champions, lived in New York and on his retirement in the late '60s became quite a prominent citizen, racing trotters against Commodore Vanderbilt and

others of the social "upper crust." But the hero of the fight with Sayers of England over on the other side was not a native of the Metropolis. He was born in Troy, N. Y.

Joe Goss, who reigned supreme among the heavyweights for a spell, was a native of England. John L. was born in Boston. Jim Corbett was born in San Francisco, Bob Fitzsimmons in Cornwall, England, Jeffries at Carroll, Ohio, Jack Johnson in Galveston, Jess Willard in Kansas and Jack Dempsey in Colorado.

Now comes Tunney to raise the hopes of New York. It's a long time since Hyer reigned and the Metropolis is eager to stand supreme once more in the world boxing arena. Will Tunney fulfill the hope?

Tunney certainly looks impressive. There was something of the Corbett about his workmanlike performance against Gibbons. Not even the crafty Jim himself could have given a more effective exhibition of ring craft and generalship. In fact, Corbett was at the ringside when Tunney sent Gibbons down and out. James J. rose in excitement and exclaimed, "He'll do! He is the next champion."

There was something of the Corbett about the manner in which Tunney kept hacking away at Gibbons, unmindful of the hoots of the boys in the distant reaches of the ball park who could not see or realize what it was all about. Tunney had mapped out his plan of campaign and he refused to be swerved from it. He kept feinting Gibbons into knots and kept cutting and jabbing him until he had Tom where he wanted him. Then he put over the haymaker.

UNTIL the Gibbons fight it had been understood that Tunney was lacking in the will to punish,—that he was wanting in that aggressiveness which is a prime requisite for success in the ring, especially in the heavyweight division. Tunney disproved that contention against Gibbons. He had the will to hurt and he cut Tom to ribbons.

There was something of the Corbett-Sullivan fight about the Tunney-Gibbons affair. It was a twenty-six-year old Corbett who cut down a thirty-four-year old Sullivan in that turf ring at New Orleans on September 7, 1892,—knocked him out in the twenty-first round. It was a twenty-seven-year old Tunney who stopped a Thirty-six-year old Gibbons, slow and dazed and disillusioned.

We have been deeply interested in Tunney ever since he returned from France with the light heavyweight championship of the A. E. F. At that time there was quite a clamor for Tunney to fight Battling Levinsky, but Gene refused to be inveigled into the mistake.

AT the time we defended his course. He was thankful for the support and said, "I am not ready for Levinsky. He knows too much for me, and I don't care if you say so in print. If I am going into boxing as a profession I have to realize my own shortcomings and map out a reasonable course. Those fights in France do not go under the head of experience. They wouldn't mean a thing against a clever man like Levinsky.

"I am going ahead according to my own ideas, and perhaps some day I will land a title. But nobody is going to rush me into taking on too much of an assignment."

Tunney has vindicated his judgment and justified his course.

If Tunney does get Dempsey into a ring it won't be until next summer, and by that time Gene may be more formidable and Dempsey certainly no tougher. If Dempsey should engage in a fight in 1926 it will be after a recess of three years following his encounter with Gibbons at Shelby. In 1926 Dempsey will be thirty-one years old, and surely past his peak.

WE can't say that thirty-one is quite the dangerous age for a heavyweight champion, for you can't go by ages alone. The individual cases differ so greatly. Most of the titleholders have managed to stall along until a rather "ripe" figure in the thirties before being dethroned.

Sullivan was thirty-four when Corbett stopped him in 1892. Corbett was thirty-one when he was knocked out by Bob Fitzsimmons at Carson City in 1897. Fitzsimmons was thirty-six when Jeffries bowled him over at Coney Island in 1898.

Jeffries was thirty-five when Johnson battered him at Reno in 1910. Jeffries had been out of the ring for eight years. Johnson was thirty-seven when he handed his title to Willard in Havana in 1915. Willard was thirty-six the day he was battered to a pulp by Dempsey at Toledo in 1919.

How old will Dempsey be when he meets his Waterloo? Or will he laugh in the face of Time by refusing to engage in another bout?

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In a Lighter Vein

By Daniel

THE funniest thing we ever saw in the ring. It happened at the Italian Fund bouts at the Polo Grounds in New York.

Charley Weinert just had been knocked cuckoo by Harry Wills. Charley was pained. He looked it. Charley was sick. He also looked that.

While Weinert was staggering toward his corner, imitating a folding camera, a radio man chased after him with a microphone. "Won't you tell the folks something?" pleaded the eager radio man.

Weinert spake not a word. He just gave the radio man a look. Had Charley looked that way at Wills the negro would have been demolished. It was a tragedy for Weinert, though he no doubt expected the result. But it was a funny sight.

ONE of the so-called mysteries of the ring has been solved. We know now why Mickey Walker has been ducking Dave Shade. Wise Mickey. Wise Kearns.

Shade is about as easy to hit as the shadow of the living skeleton. He bobs up and down like an apple in a tub of water on Hallowe'en night and weaves in and out like a will o' the wisp on a foggy night. He presents the ultimate in negligible targets, the zero in fixed points.

Baseball folks are all excited over the lively ball and the problems it has developed. The Shade-Slattery affair started the report that there was a new lively glove in boxing.

Slattery's surprising knockout by Shade will set the Buffalo boxer back quite a lot. He will have to start all over again, —and yet that may do him a lot of good. Jimmy by this time should know a few things he should have known before the Shade affair woke him up.

MICKEY WALKER is one of the gamest men in the ring. More than that can be said of no boxer, regardless of his titles and claims and aspirations.

Billy McCarney is a smart hombre, but with all his wisdom he made a mistake in angering Wills before the fight with Weinert.

The Walker-Greb battle, between champions, was carded as the final by the Boxing Commission. Wills felt that he was entitled to the place of honor and refused to go on as a semi-finalist. While Harry wrangled McCarney laughed and said that in so far as Weinert and he were concerned they were sorry they had not gone on first as Harry wouldn't last long anyway, and Weinert wanted to sit at his ease and watch the rest of the card.

WILLS became white in his anger and came into the ring biting his lips and fuming. In that mood he was not very eager to toy with McCarney's charge and Weinert was slipped his quietus early.

Weinert whipped Firpo. Wills slaughtered Weinert. We are ready to consign both the Argentine and the Newark Adonis to the pugilistic waste basket.

"What was your hardest fight?" Jack Dempsey was asked recently in Paris.

"Of a certainty, it was my battle with your own magnificent, courageous Georges Carpentier," came back the wise and diplomatic Jack. "In the second round at those famous Boyle's Thirty Acres he did sock me a vicious sock which was the hardest sock I ever have been socked. Of a certainty, your own Georges is a magnificent fighter."

WHEN Jack gets to Buenos Aires he will exclaim, "My hardest fight! Senor, of a certainty it was with your own magnificent, courageous, Luis Firpo. That sock which he did sock me in that first round,—ah, the memory, it pains me."

As a matter of fact, the hardest fight Jack Dempsey ever had was that with Gunboat Smith. The Gunner knocked Jack silly and he fought two rounds when he really was unconscious. When he returned to his dressing room Jack asked, "Who won?" He did not remember a single incident of the last two rounds.

If Benny Leonard is going to give Mickey Walker that fight he had better do it before Mickey gets too heavy for the welterweight division,—and before Mickey is salted away by somebody like Greb. Harry came within an ace of putting the Jerseyman to sleep at the Polo Grounds.

WE can imagine nothing less satisfactory than sleeping at the Polo Grounds in the sight of sixty thousand persons. We like privacy when we sleep.

We note that Floyd Fitzsimmons, who promotes bouts at Benton Harbor, Mich., is quoted as saying that he wants Georges Carpentier to return here for one or two fights.

Why begin digging them out of the pugilistic graveyard?

We doubt very much if Carpentier would return here to fight. However, why induce him? His bouts with Gibbons and Tunney proved that he was through with the ring.

They say that King Solomon is neither a king nor a Solomon.

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My Hardest Fight

By JOE LYNCH

(Former World's Bantamweight Champion).

SUPPOSE you've forgotten there ever lived a two-fisted scrapper by the name of Johnny Solzberg? He was a scrawny kid like myself, but for his weight and height—116 pounds and five feet four inches—packed a right-hand wallop that contained tons of dynamite. He lived in Brooklyn and had a great following.

Only the other day I was searching through a record book to learn the date of our meeting back in 1917. His was the only name not included in my large number of battles. That was strange, I thought.

You never hear of Solzberg any more. He fought his best fights during the lean Frawley law days. He had the kick of a mule and took many a lacing, but he didn't last long enough to get in the big company that came to us kids with the passage of the Walker bill.

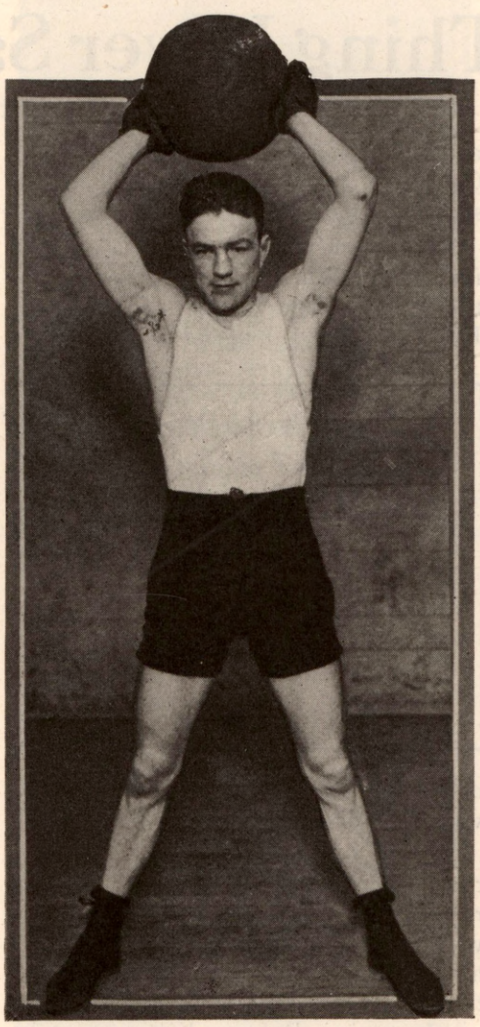
Suffice to say, it was Solzberg—a shiver runs down my spine as I sit and write this story—who gave me a licking in my first year's fighting to make another guy feel like hanging up his gloves. Johnny had been in the racket a year or two before Eddie Meade inveigled me into the game.

THE law permitted ten-round, no-decision contests. Johnny and I were included in three star tens, decided in the ring of the Harlem Sporting Club, in East 135th Street, which is now known as the Commonwealth. The west side of the Roaring Forties, where I was born and raised, was almost deserted that spring night in 1917. Two truckloads carried my rooters to the Harlem sluggery. Whatever little betting there was favored Solzberg. Dyed-in-the-wool fans knew all about Solzberg, but they didn't have a line on me.

Some of the spectators at the ringside screamed with laughter when they saw us stand in the middle of the ring taking instructions from Referee Louis Magnolia. They thought a gust of wind would blow us out of the building. We looked like a pair of fighting bantam cocks.

The first punch out of the box landed on my nose. It was a straight right. Johnny had a bit of a shift that disconcerted me and made me see red. Try as I might I could not land my long, snaky left, which I had learned to use very good. But it couldn't reach any part of Johnny's body or face.

I SAW red again in the second round, when he let fly a terrific right which just grazed the jaw. Then and there I realized I was in a fight. I had my back up against the wall. Meade kept pleading to me to box Johnny. Then Ed called "Doc" Bagley into the corner to help him. Bagley, one of the best



Joe Lynch

seconds in the world, knew every trick of Johnny's.

Another stiff right connected with the jaw, and my legs shook from under me. Whew! How I prayed! I retaliated with a short right uppercut which jarred Johnny, but he was fighting like a madman at the bell.

The left finally found its mark starting the third, and I felt all the better for it. "Stab him again," pleaded "Doc" and Ed in unison. Another left Johnny knocked down and before I could recover from the surprise he poked a right to the body. It nearly took all the wind out of me. Then he started to work on me with the left and I became bewildered. I lost my nanny, and as I dived in he straightened me up with another hard right.

The spectators were on the chairs yelling like wild men because of the ferocity of the fighting. We stood toe to toe exchanging punches that could be heard in back of the big hall.

As the fourth got into motion Solzberg feinted me into knots. But I kept playing with the left, jabbing and hooking opportunely. That sort of made him back up a bit. But not for long. He kept piling into me, hitting me with everything but the water bucket.

"Keep stabbing him with the left; box him," chorused Bagley and Meade. "He can't hurt you."

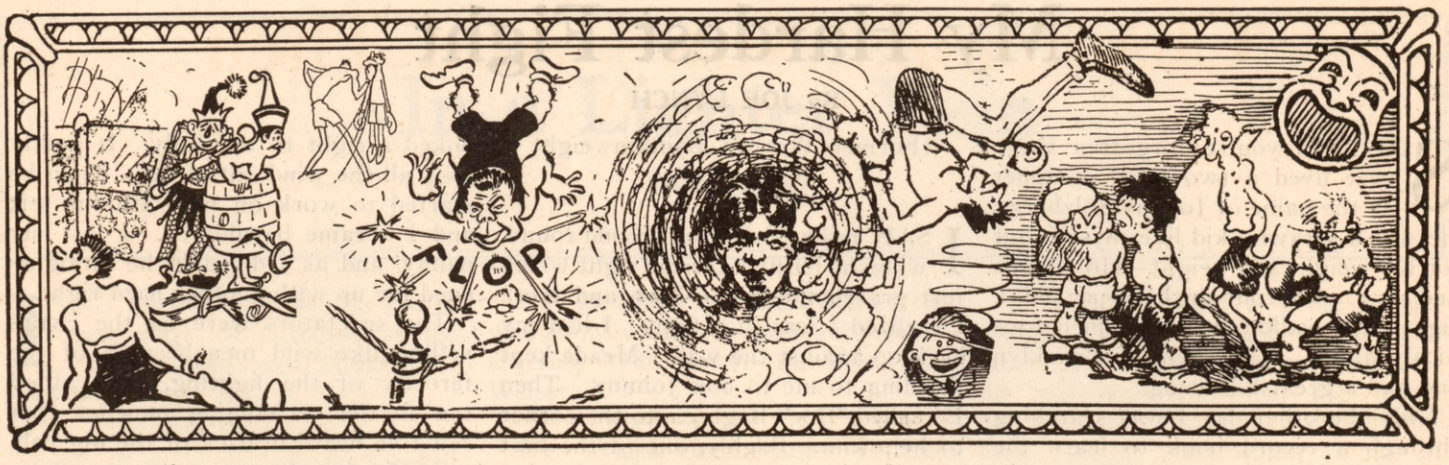
WHEN I returned to my corner I was beginning to look as if a trolley car had run over me. My lips were cut and bruises began to sprout on my face. The cheering was deafening as the fifth started. We mixed it up at close quarters. A left hook to the body floored Solzberg, but he was up like a rubber ball. I was thinking fast, praying that the round would be over right soon. Solzberg tore into me like a maddened bull, pounding me all over the ring.

We were forced to slow up a bit during the sixth and seventh sessions. We were doggone tired. Johnny opened a fresh assault in the eighth, belting me on the jaw with rapierlike rights. Every punch hurt. I could feel the sting from the bottom of my feet to the top of my head. I thought he had a horseshoe concealed in the glove.

After a furious mix-up he feinted me with the left, and as I started to uncork the left Solzberg drove a terrific right under the heart that raised me off the resin floor. The force of the blow dropped me as if shot. The referee reached the count of nine when the bell came to my rescue.

"You're a lucky kid," declared Solzberg as we squared off in the ninth. "I'll get you yet," he vowed. Sure enough he let fly another right which he picked up off the floor and down I went again. The cobwebs were in my eyes. Everything was in darkness. I could hear a lot of noise, but I just

(*Continued on page* 33)



The Funniest Thing I Ever Saw in the Ring

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Football Tactics in Boxing

THE funniest thing I ever saw in the boxing game took place at our boxing club at Barberton, Ohio, recently. Owing to the fact that boxing has been barred in Akron for the past two years, we have successfully staged numerous matches in Barberton, a suburban city of Akron, and have featured among other good boys Tiger Flowers, Norman Genet, Marty Burke, Eddie Anderson and Willie Ames.

About six months ago we arranged a splendid card but unfortunately, on the day of the show, we were forced to line up a new semi-final on the day of the fight. An ambitious young farmer, Johnny Hupp by name, had appeared in preliminaries on our shows in the past with fair success and he begged for another chance on the night referred to, so we tossed him in with a ring worn veteran, Red Carnes, of Canton. Red weighed 150 pounds and Hupp was ten pounds heavier.

It was in the late summer and was stifling hot. The arena was packed to the doors and by the time Red had reached his corner he was already sweating freely. Red decided that he would end the battle in a jiffy hence he started throwing punches from all angles soon after the bell unleashed him and Hupp.

Hupp stopped everything coming his way with his jaws. It was apparent that Red had the bout in the bag. Tom Lennon, Canton boxing promoter, was handling Red and he sent him out in the second round to finish Hupp.

Red let a right cross fly which nestled squarely on the point of Hupp's chin. Down went Hupp but barely had he reached the canvas when he made a lunge and grabbed Carnes around the ankles and down went Carnes flat on his back. He had the strangest look imaginable on his face.

Chub Kinney, the referee, counted nine and both fighters scrambled to their feet, Carnes slightly in advance. Kinney warned Hupp that if he indulged in further football tactics he would be disqualified.

Johnny behaved in the third, but in the fourth, Red got his old pile-driving right working and he sent Hupp down with a right cross. Hupp duplicated his stunt of the first round. He tackled Carnes and again Red reclined on the resin. Referee Kinney was in a quandary. The fans were paralyzed with laughter from the antics of Hupp and the look of bewilderment on Carnes' face. The referee feared he might be lynched if he stopped the bout and awarded the decision to Carnes on a foul, so he warned Hupp again that he was breaking the rules. Both the boxers arose for the second time and resumed fighting.

Red Carnes was pretty tired when the fifth opened but he walked out and shot over a terrific right cross which sent Hupp down. Before he could step out of the way Johnny reached out again and grabbed Carnes around the ankles and threw Red heavily to the floor. With both boxers on the floor for the third time, Referee Kinney again started to count. Carnes gave Hupp one disgusted look, picked himself up, walked over to his corner and yelled to Tom Lennon: "I'm through," and he crawled through the ropes and went to his dressing room. There wasn't anything for Kinney to do but to give Hupp the decision.

Thus we have a story of a bout in which Carnes won every one of the five rounds, scored three knockdowns, was hit only twice himself and yet lost the fight on a "technical" kayo.

[This is a true report of a fight that threw Barberton's enthusiastic fans into a state of frenzy and produced more laughter than ever was seen at a circus.]—Harold Walsh, Ohio boxing promoter.

PRIZE FOR STORIES

Readers are requested to send in stories of funny happenings in the ring.

For each story accepted THE RING will offer a prize of $2.00.

Let others share your laughter with you. Limit your story to 200 words.

* * *

Kid Broad Shy on Linear Measure

KID BROAD was once a star witness in a civil action. He acquitted himself so creditably on behalf of the plaintiff that there arose in the mind of the defendant's counsel a strong suspicion that the Kid had been coached. "Young man," said the lawyer, looking sternly at the unpulchritudinous Kid, "I entertain grave doubts as to your personal proximity to the scene of this accident at the time it transpired." At this the Kid's face took on a bovine expression. The language of the bar room he understood, but the language of the Bar was beyond him Seeing this, the lawyer boiled the question down and again inquired: "Just how far were you from the scene of this accident when it happened?"

"I wasn't far at all," blurted the Kid. "I was near. In fact, I wasn't ten cubic feet away."

Champions Now—And Then

By JACK SKELLY

IT isn't the toughest thing in the world to be a boxer these days. There are some soft spots for the lads who "dust 'em off with the leather pillows." A champion nowadays has a nice big car, probably a valet, a social secretary and lives in a swell hotel. He eats the best in the land, wears the niftiest garb and aside from having to work at training every now and then, lives a pretty fine sort of life.

Even the boys who aren't champions manage to put on a lot of dog. If they have a good year these small fry live on the fat of the land and sit nice and pretty. Things weren't always like that and some of the old timers who can look back on the so called "good old days" will tell you how the old time fighters had to dig to make both ends meet.

And to go a little bit farther back, back to the days of such fellows as Ned O'Baldwin, Jem Mace and the like, one will find that it was a question of three square meals a day and a hard bed to sleep in for these lads. Purses were small and infrequent in those days. Boxing, or prize fighting, as it then was termed, was illegal and boxers had to chase from one town to another one step in front of a squad of constables in order to stage a mill.

OFTEN the purse would be a matter of fifty dollars or possibly a hundred. Of this sum a portion had to be used to pay seconds and other expenses, leaving mighty little for a rainy day. And there were lots of rainy days. A preliminary boy now who manages to keep active makes as much as some of the first of the British champions made and a boy who fights in the semi-finals at big bouts nowadays cleans up more in a year than most of the old champions did in an entire career.

In many other respects the modern boxer has a cinch as compared to his old time ring kinsmen. Fighters in the old days trained under very bad conditions. They had to fight in the open air, in rings that were pitched on the turf, and under rules that made for bloody battles. The turf would be slippery, it might be raining and there would be no cover over the ring.

The bout might go on for ten, twenty, fifty, even a hundred rounds. The fighters in those days were up to all kinds of tricks. Each fighter had to have his own crowd with him and these crowds had to be pretty handy with their "dukes" and with other implements of warfare to cope with suddenly arising situations. The mere sleeping in the bastile for a couple of days for having fought a battle was

Jem Mace, who fought for small purses

considered nothing at all. The purses often were paid and there was no recourse.

THE gamblers ruled with high hand during a long period of ring history and made it pretty hard for the fighters. It took considerable time to negotiate fights in the real olden days and a fighter generally had to work in between bouts. A fighter traveled then by any means available and never had much choice.

Creature comforts were secondary considerations. Naturally most fighters of the early days of ring history, back in the early days of pugilism in England, were rough and ready customers. The specie gradually developed in more ways than one.

In time the boxer rose socially. As he did he demanded more and more for his services and at the same time demanded greater comforts. Yet in the early stages of what we call modern pugilism in this country it was a rare thing for a boxer to collect a purse that ran beyond a few hundreds of dollars.

IT was an accepted custom, which originated in England, to stage benefits for ex-champions who were out of funds and a majority of them seem to have required these benefits.

Boxers nowadays, and especially in this country where most states having legalized boxing under commission form of supervision, are protected in every way and do not have to worry about anything except their opponents in the ring. Big purses, comfortable living, good training conditions, wide popularity and a heroism that is satisfying to the human vanity in mankind, make the lot of the fighting man of today one of a succession of rose beds in comparison to the trials and tribulations the old time fighters had.

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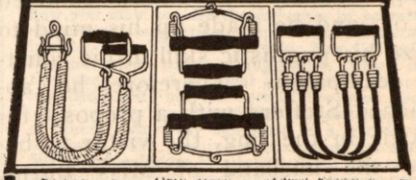

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Lucky In the Ring, But Unlucky In Love

By CHARLES F. MATHISON

THE fascination that Norman Selby had for the opposite sex as indicated by nine wives, all intelligent women and several wealthy and comely, failed him in one important instance. Selby in evening clothes, soft spoken, pale of face, graceful of figure, son of a clergyman, and yet a formidable prize fighter, was apparently irresistible in the eyes of his feminine admirers.

But Kid McCoy, crafty, cruel fighter, with a cold sneer on his pallid face as he methodically beat the features of an opponent to a bloody pulp, aroused only dislike in one woman.

This surprising situation developed in Cleveland, O., in 1894, early in the pugilistic and matrimonial career of the nimble Kid. McCoy had left the Indiana farm where his family tilled the soil, he feeling that he was not cut out to shine as an agriculturist, and had favored the Forest City with his presence. There was in Cleveland at that time a pugilist named Billy Steffers, who not only lacked the pleasing personality of McCoy but was also deficient in the manly art of self-defense and the knack of altering the countenances of opposing boxers. But Steffers was a champion in the eyes of Nellie Burns, a pretty stenographer in a Cleveland business house, and she had promised that if he would give up fighting and go to work at some respectable trade she might consent to change her name from Burns to Steffers.

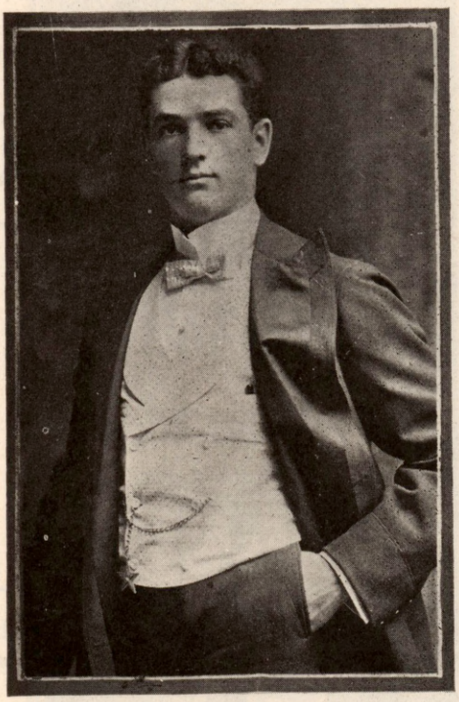
WHEN McCoy arrived in Cleveland, he was heart free and had yet to place a wedding ring on the finger of a woman. Yet, after he had seen Miss Burns, he decided that she would be just the girl to marry, and he made up his mind to win her. His advances were coldly received by the young woman, who in no uncertain manner made it plain that she preferred the awkward but manly Steffers.

This condition of affairs annoyed McCoy, and he made up his mind to utilize his pugilistic skill in his courtship campaign. Therefore he approached Steffers with a proposal for a battle in the ring, the victor to become the husband of Miss Burns. Steffers was not favorably impressed with the plan and at first declined the issue. Yet when McCoy said with a pitying smile: "So you don't think enough of the girl to fight for her, eh?" Steffers consented and the match was made.

"If you win," said McCoy with an insinuating grin, "I give my word never to see the girl again. And if I should happen to beat you, then you say farewell to the lady."

Steffers agreed to the conditions and the men met in a barn on the outskirts of Cleveland.

For a few rounds Steffers, who was a rugged, strong youngster, apparently held his own, but as a matter of fact the wily McCoy was merely "feeling out" the boy preparatory to a



Kid McCoy

slaughter. Beginning with the fifth round McCoy started shooting a left hand glove into the face of his rival, cutting, bruising, drawing blood and proving that it was a case of a cat playing with a mouse. Possibly McCoy could have knocked Steffers out in the sixth round, as the Cleveland boy was weak on his pins and in evident distress. But it was the relentless purpose of McCoy to prolong the suffering of his opponent and he continued to batter and beat the youngster round after round until Steffers was a sorry spectacle.

IT was not the intention of either fighter to have the young woman informed as to the encounter, nor to have her at the ringside. But the gossips brought the matter to her attention and told her she was the prize for which the men were to battle.

Without delay the girl started for the scene of the combat, and gained entrance just as the tenth round closed. Steffers, with blood flowing from nose and mouth, both eyes nearly closed, and so completely exhausted he could barely retain his seat on a stool, was bravely waiting for the call for the next round. McCoy, sneeringly jubilant, stood in his corner jauntily awaiting the signal to resume beating his helpless rival, when Miss Burns ran into the ring. She clasped the bloody race of Steffers in her arms and imprinted pitying kisses on his contused features. She next took a towel and tenderly wiped the blood from his mouth and nose, all the while murmuring endearing phrases to her defeated sweetheart.

McCoy walked across the ring, watched the proceeding with a look of contempt, and finally said:

"Say, Nellie, Billy and I agreed that we would fight and the winner would marry you. Now I won the fight, so you name the day."

The girl turned her head and regarded McCoy with blazing eyes for a few seconds and then blurted:

"Why, you nasty big brute, go away from here. I never want to see you again."

With the same frigid smile that hovered on his face as he hammered Steffers into subjection McCoy turned away and said:

"Lucky in the ring, but unlucky in love."

When Steffers recovered from the effects of the beating he had received, he retired from the ring, got a job with a trucking company, eventually became the husband of Nellie Burns, and so far as is known lived happily ever afterward.

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"Stop, Look and Listen," Bill Brady's Advice

(Continued from page 5)

rounds, yet he allowed Tom to go the limit of twenty-five rounds and raise a question as to George Siler's decision in favor of the champion.

"Jeffries, in his prime, could hit, he could box and he could take it. He was a fine defensive boxer, too, though he used that crouching defense of his altogether too much for a man with an attack like his. Jeffries perhaps is as much underrated as Sullivan is overrated.

"Don't think that I am casting any aspersions at Dempsey's calibre. He is one of the greatest three-round fighters in the annals of the sport. I don't think that the ring ever saw a gamer man than Dempsey. Dempsey showed great courage against Firpo and he showed his gameness against Willard. How many fighters could have come back the way Dempsey did after Firpo had knocked him out of the ring? When Jack returned to the ring he was in a daze, but he knew enough to stall around until his brain cleared, and then the fighter in him showed to tremendous advantage.

"IN the fight with Willard, Dempsey had to win twice. You remember how he put Jess down in the first round and left the ring, thinking he had won—and how he had to return and start all over again. The psychology then was all against Dempsey, but he was game and he won. According to the law of the ring, Willard won when Dempsey left the arena. But the big boob, like Firpo, had nobody in his corner to handle him expertly.

"I picked Dempsey to win that fight and I wagered quite a lot of money, getting some fine odds. But in the third round I was worried. That uppercut which Willard landed just before he threw in a towel was the hardest blow of the fight. Willard was a mistake. He thought the ring was the circus and he treated boxing from a circus standpoint."

"Won't you amplify on your opening statement your warning to boxers, managers and promoters to Stop, Look and Listen?"

"Well, I don't want to start making a crab of myself," came back Mr. Brady. "But those in the game know what I mean. The tactics of the wrestling trust cannot be pursued for long in boxing. The public won't stand for it. Things such as those which led to the repeal of the Horton Law are being reported along Broadway.

"The game is running into tremendous money—too much money, in fact. All sport is running that way. Million-dollar fights, million-dollar world series, $30,000 gates at athletic meets, $20,000 gates at tennis matches. Too much money.

"I SUPPOSE I came too early in the ring. Jim Corbett and I sat at the Friars' Club the other night and bewailed the fact that we had arrived on the scene some thirty years too soon. In our day $20,000 was a lot of money in boxing. Why, we got only $4,000 for our end against Fitzsimmons at Carson City and even then we almost were robbed of our end of the moving pictures.

"As you know, I had a one-third interest in the Dempsey-Carpentier fight. But when they began to talk of spending hundreds of thousands just to put the fight on and began to talk of a million-dollar gate, they got me woozy. I just could not see it. I could not believe that the public would spend a million dollars to see ten of the greatest fighters of all time.

"But the fight fooled me—after I had got out of any connection with it.

"The boxing game is going great guns, and it behooves those in it to preserve the life of the goose which is laying those nice, shiny, golden eggs."

Nonpareil Jack Dempsey

(Continued from page 8)

The former champion, with nothing left but his fighting heart, smiled defiantly at the youngster and said: "Come on."

But Ryan, looking at the men who asked him to hold his punches, nodded to them.

To the credit of Ryan, he permitted Dempsey to do the leading and countered lightly with taps that would not have killed a mosquito. Although the bout was scheduled for ten rounds it was apparent at the end of the third round that Dempsey was practically exhausted and the contest was ended by the referee, who declared Ryan the winner on points.

Later on in the same year the proper course was taken when a boxing entertainment was staged, the receipts going to Dempsey.

He failed so rapidly that it was decided best for him to go West and he went to Portland, Oregon, where his bones rest.

THE match with Fitzsimmons was a serious mistake on the part of Dempsey's handlers, and while he had then begun to lose the wonderful speed and boxing skill that characterized him in his prime, he would have lasted a number of years but for the terrific beating he received at the hands of Fitzsimmons. Dempsey was practically a welterweight, as he seldom weighed more than 150, and in defense of his middleweight title he always prescribed 154 ringside, which was the generally accepted weight for the class in those days. Dempsey's handlers were under the impression that Fitz, who stood 5 feet 11, could not possibly make 154 pounds and retain his fighting strength. To the astonishment of Dempsey and his followers, Fitz weighed 150½ pounds at ringside, while Dempsey scaled 147½. Dempsey was terribly punished and Fitz several times begged the handlers of the champion to throw in a sponge. But the little fellow insisted on fighting till he was knocked out.

Although Fitz made 150½ pounds on that occasion he never defended the middleweight title at 154. His last battle for the title was with Jim Hall at New Orleans, March 8, 1893, Fitz weighing 167 pounds and Hall 163. It was about this time that some of the promoters ruled that the middleweight limit was 158 pounds ringside, and if such was the case then Fitz and Hall were fighting at catchweights and no title was at stake. Fitz continued to increase in weight from that time forward, and he certainly did not weigh less than 170 pounds when he took the title from Corbett at Carson City.

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They Never Are at a Loss for an Excuse

By ED WILLIAMSON

THE ring has its products and its by-products. Among the by-products is the well known loser's "alibi." From away back, in the days of Cribb and Molyneux in England, and Hyer and Morrissey in America, it has been customary for the beaten man to bring out some more or less plausible excuse for his getting the short end of the verdict.

All sorts of excuses have been offered. Only in the rarest instances does a boxer come forward and admit that the other fellow hit harder and moved faster. In some cases the "alibis" have bordered on the ludicrous. In the last issue of THE RING I named many fighters who issued alibis and since then I have been swamped with letters telling me of other great alibis hence this second installment.

THE temperamental and tight-fisted Luis Angel Firpo, who has inherited a Latin gift of emotion, has his own little explanation to make for his recent "flivvers." Sporting writers declare that because Luis has enough money to buy most of the Argentines he is not particular about his training. He is, according to their erudite opinions, satisfied with the loser's end.

In September of last year he was outpointed by Harry Wills, negro boxer, in their bout at Boyle's Thirty Acres, in Jersey City. It was a rotten fight. Luis clinched and Harry clinched, and everyone stung for ringside seats told friends about the great wrestling match which had been staged.

After it was over, though he wasn't damaged physically, the box office value of his ability had fled and his feelings were hurt. He made up his own little story.

It is to be remembered that at about this time Canon Chase, the inveterate reformer, decided Firpo shouldn't box and had him arrested on a charge of perjury, which revolved about a young woman whom the fighter brought to America and who was deported.

The Bull, when he went into the ring was out on bail.

After careful thought, he explained, in his best Spanish, that the shadow of Canon Chase was right there in the ring with him, bothering him, and spoiling his technique.

"I kept thinking about the charges which had been pressed against me by Senor Chase," he offered. "For days he pursued me. I was so worried, so upset, that I couldn't eat or sleep. No wonder I was what you Americans call punk."

* * *

FOOD has proved an excellent alibi for fighters ever since the art was taken up. Of course, every day some mortal blames his irritability on his breakfast, or the banquet the night before. But these explanations are nothing compared to those advanced by "T-Bone" Nelson and his compeers.

James J. Corbett, who was champion of the world until he encountered Bob Fitzsimmons at Carson City, Nevada, —that's a part of this story—met Tom Sharkey twice. The first encounter was staged in 1896 in San Francisco.

It was Corbett's first draw fight, and it went four rounds. The former champion admits that if the bout had gone more than four innings, the customers would have to purchase flowers for him. He was seasick at the end of the second round.

Sharkey was a short, heavy-set fighter, with arms like a gorilla. He was heavier, but much shorter than Corbett, and the champion, according to his tale, found him easy. He beat him this way and that for the first two rounds, but Sharkey hung onto him.

Finally, the latter began to try to get two out of three falls. Corbett fought him off for a while, but soon became too weak to wrestle. Sharkey wrapped his long arms about him, leaned against him and shoved constantly. Corbett fell down.

His opponent sat on his stomach in a very rough manner, and enjoyed the rest until the referee lifted him to his feet. It was then that Corbett found it hard to get up. The crowd looked on the event as very comical and great fun, but Corbett didn't.

"After that," he related, "I was careful about what I ate. You see, just before the fight I had consumed vin rouge, Swiss guyere, shrimp salad, vanilla ice cream and several other dainty things which rebelled at being sat on."

* * *

CORBETT aired another alibi after his fight with Bob Fitzsimmons at Carson City. He had made several futile attempts to fight the youngster, but because of official intervention, it had not taken place. Corbett went into the ring, confident of winning. When he had it within his grasp, he disappointed some twenty-five thousand fans by stepping into a heavy body blow. He took the count.

Fiztsimmons was given credit for the introduction of the "solar plexus" punch.

Corbett, after the fight, returned to San Francisco in a special train provided for his use, and declared that there was no such thing as the paralyzing punch he was said to have received.

"I wasn't even knocked out," was his declaration. "I was conscious, but I couldn't get the air back into my lungs in time to get up. That solar plexus blow is a myth. You must remember I fought 7,000 feet above sea level. The air was too thin up there."

Jimmy Britt may just as well come back into the narrative as not. Jimmy took on Joe Gans in September, 1907. He was clearly outclassed. He had bitten off more than he could chew and he was terribly slashed for five rounds. He saw the look of expectancy on the faces of those who had backed Gans and rather than hear the trumpets play his swan song, quit cold.

"My ulna bone's broken," he complained. "Snapped clean. Right here in my wrist. I can't go on."

There followed the business of examining the wrist, with little or no result, as the ulna bone is a rather difficult thing to examine even under normal circumstances.

Before the galleries had been cleared Britt had become "Ulna-Bone Jimmy."

* * *

JOE WALCOTT, according to the records, was beaten in 1897 when he refused to continue against Kid Lavigne in the twelfth round of their match. The battle will go down as one of the most savage ever fought. Lavigne was outweighed. He had the short reach. But whatever physical disadvantage he suffered, he overcame with his gameness.

Lavigne was lightweight champion. Walcott later was welterweight champion.

The former, by the end of the ninth round, was broken, beaten and scarred. He was a mass of gore from head to feet. He had lost his teeth. His mouth was battered and bleeding and his eyes were half closed. Spectators and officials tried to stop the slaughter. But he insisted on continuing.

He lasted for another round, and,

(*Continued on page* 21)

"Too Much Mustard"

By ADRIAN LISTINA

JACK BONNER of Summit Hill, Penn., was the star performer in a very unsavory ring episode more than twenty years ago. Jack was never a topnotcher, but he made things quite interesting for most of the middle and some of the light-heavyweights of his day.

Jack was a Pennsylvania miner before donning the padded mitts, and it was during his contest with Tommy West, one of the toughest middleweights of the day, that he attempted to pull off one of the rawest ring tricks on record which has come down to us as the oil of mustard episodes.

West, for his part, though much lighter than Bonner, was more than a match for him, could take care of himself with the best men of his weight, and had the better of the bout, it seems, for the first seven rounds. The fight occurred at the Lenox Club of New York City. West, though not in good condition, gave Bonner a bloody nose and a slightly damaged eye.

* * *

IN the interval between the seventh and eighth rounds, those sitting nearest the ringside noted a sharp, pungent odor coming from the arena.

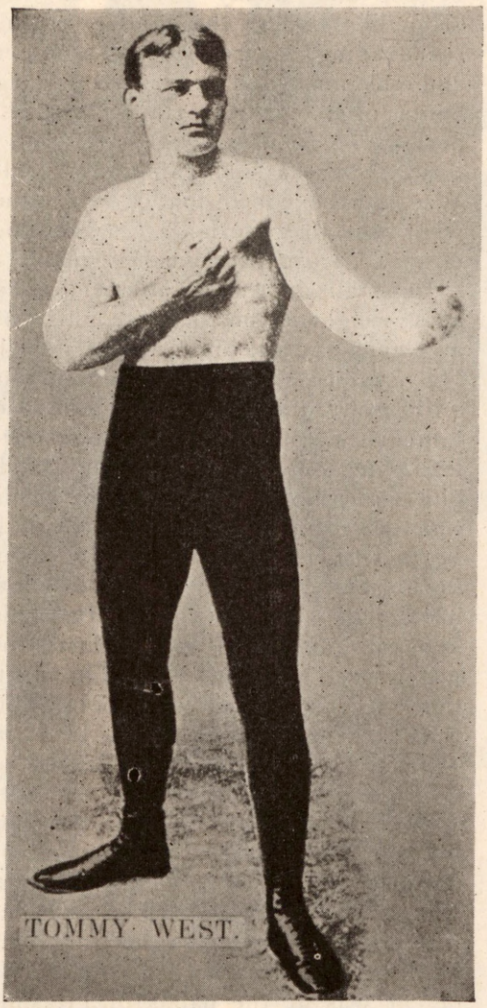
Bonner was the aggressor as the men squared off at the beginning of the eighth round, and shot his left at Tommy's face. West blocked the blow and then staggered backward, at the same time appealing to the referee. "He's got something on his gloves," said West, "my eyes are blind."

Bonner was still trying to get at West when Referee Charley White, seizing his arm, examined his gloves. This done, he immediately ordered the men to their corners, and staggering over the ropes grasped one of the stakes of the arena, and, almost overpowered by the ill-smelling concoction on Bonner's mitts, leaned his head on his arms.

The house was soon in an uproar and one of the bluecoats in the ring raised his stick to strike Bonner, but a bystander staid the blow. Charley White now turned his attention to Bonner, however, and rushing up to him, struck him in the face.

Charley Harvey announced West as the winner of the bout, and later explained that West had been blinded by oil of mustard on his opponent's gloves. Ring officials, seconds and spectators swarmed into the ring and the house was then cleared and Bonner and his seconds escorted to his dressing room by the police.

Bonner's money, the loser's end, was held up by the Lenox Club for a time, and Tom O'Rourke denounced his conduct in using oil of mustard on his mitts as "an outrage which nothing could condone."



TOMMY WEST.

MANY of the spectators demanded that all bets be declared off and Bonner soon came out with a card in which he sought to clear himself of all responsibility for the affair, the blame for which he placed at the door of the druggist who sold to his second the undiluted oil of mustard instead of a weak solution of it often used by him as a remedy for sore muscles.

Not long after this fight Fred Miller, Bonner's trainer and second, in his fight with West, was called from his place and severely beaten by a bunch of soreheads who had probably lost money on Bonner. One Sunday night a man entered Miller's place, a well-known resort on Stanton street, New York City, and asked to see the proprietor. Miller refused to leave his place. "Are you afraid to come outside?" sneered the man. "Come outside," he added, "or I'll pull you out."

Miller then walked to the street with the man, who was soon joined by several confederates, and the party walked away in the direction of the Bowery. When they had gone some distance the leader of the gang struck Miller, who fell to the pavement, and then was brutally beaten and kicked in the head and stomach. His wounds bled profusely, and when conveyed to the hospital in an ambulance the surgeons found it necessary to take several stitches in his face.

THEY NEVER ARE AT LOSS FOR AN EXCUSE

(*Continued from page* 20)

after a rest, went back into the fight with a fierce drive. He opened up with an attack so fast and furious that Walcott longed to quit.

When he returned to his corner, Joe refused to get up. His manager, Tom O'Rourke, threatened to kill him if he refused. He pleaded and cajoled.

"Well, what's the matter?" he asked, finally, out of breath. "What're you quitting for?"

One of Walcott's arms hung at his side while he used his other to point to it.

"Arm's busted," he complained. "I can't go on."

So Walcott, though he probably could have beaten the tottering Lavigne to the floor with one hand, quit cold, and to this day he has never proved satisfactorily that his arm was broken in that contest.

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Australian Ring Stars

JOHN L. (IKE) DORGAN

THE arrival here a few weeks ago of Jack Dillon, heralded as the greatest middleweight to come to this country from the Antipodes since the days of the late Les Darcy, brings back to memory the deeds of the wonderful Australian fighters of two decades ago. Australia has given the ring many marvels.

Who can forget that galaxy of famous Australian fighters who came to this country between 1880 and 1890? There was Joe Goddard, the "Barrier Champion"; Francis Patrick Slavin, the "Sydney Cornstalk"; Jem Hall, Dan Creedon, one-time premier middleweight of the world, and his foster brother, Tommy Tracey, a welterweight; Peter Jackson, Bob Fitzsimmons, Australian Billy Murphy, Australian Billy McCarthy, that marvel of science and ring generalship, Young Griffo, and others.

Goddard twice upset Peter Maher only to be stopped by the Irish lad in their third and last meeting. Towards the end of his ring career old Joe was beaten by almost everybody, but at one time he stood pretty close to the top, pugilistically.

Slavin had a more than ordinarily spectacular career. Coming to this country in 1891, after beating all comers in Australia, he was victorious over Jake Kilrain in nine rounds at Hoboken, N. J., in June of that year. Kilrain, all but out, was bleeding in streams from a broken nose, when referee Jere Dunn declared Slavin the winner and waved Kilrain to his corner.

In March, 1892, Slavin beat Felix Vacquelin in a four-round curtain-raiser at the Fitzsimmons-Maher bout in New Orleans. Going back to England, Slavin was knocked out by Jackson and never recovered his form.

On March 11, 1893, Slavin met Frank Craig, "The Harlem Coffee Cooler," in London, and put him to sleep in one round. This defeat completely squelched "The Cooler," who had for some time previously been all the rage there. Two months later Slavin faced his fellow countryman, Jim Hall, in a London ring and was put out by him in seven rounds. In a statement after the fight Slavin claimed he was drugged.

In 1896, spurred on no doubt by necessity, Slavin made his third and last visit to the United States. His reception in New York on this occasion was in marked contrast to that accorded him when he first set foot on our shores. Then he came here under the wing of Charley Mitchell, heralded as a world-beater, but on the occasion of this last visit he was a has-been. He was nevertheless victorious over several mediocre boxers here in his travels from Gotham to Frisco, and finally drifted to the "Klondike" where the gold fever was then raging. Here he was a miner and saloonist and won two boxing bouts of minor importance at this period.

Slavin was a soldier in the World-War, at the conclusion of which he went back to Victoria, B. C., where he now is a prosperous business man.

Jim Hall, an Australian middle and heavyweight, came to this country as a protege and pal of Charley Mitchell. His most notable ring encounter was with Bob Fitzsimmons, who kayoed him in the fourth round at New Orleans, in 1893, with a swinging Dutch bunter on the point of the jaw. This was the beginning of the end with Hall. He met Billy Woods and Henry Baker in the same ring for four rounds each in Chicago, some time after this knockout, and beat both of them, but was himself put out by Joe Choynski, the "California Thunderbolt," in thirteen rounds, at Maspeth, L. I., in January, 1896. Later Hall drifted to Chicago. He died in 1913.

A bristling pompadour of the tint of iron rust, stood defiant and erect on the head of Dan Creedon when Dan was a champion. He met and defeated all the best men of his class over here and in his native land. His first defeat was at the hands of Fitzsimmons, who scored a knockout victory over him in two rounds at New Orleans, September 26, 1894. It was in 1907 that Creedon lost a 15-round bout to Kid McCoy. Creedon was again whipped by McCoy in 1900, this time in six rounds, and in 1902 Creedon returned to Australia, where he continued his ring career until 1906, when he was thirty-eight years of age.

Tommy Tracey was a welterweight, but by no means relatively as good in the welter as Creedon was in the middleweight division. Joe Walcott, Tommy Ryan and Kid Lavigne all beat him, though he fought several six-round draws with the "Barbadoes Demon."

Of Griffo, now a gray-headed little man living in Brooklyn, it can safely be said that he was the fastest glove pusher ever seen up to that time in the ring. He created a great sensation over here. He was the first man to master George Dixon's curves and, in August, 1894, he met Jack McAuliffe in a memorable ten-round bout. For eight rounds he put it all over McAuliffe, but Jack fought hard to turn the tide in the ninth and tenth and was given the decision, whereupon pandemonium broke loose. McAuliffe attempted to speak, but was howled down by the spectators, and is quoted as having admitted that the best he should have received was a draw.

Of late years, Australian ring men have not figured prominently in fistiana. Last year Jim Tracey, a big, awkward third-rater, who was massacred in Buenos Aires not long ago by the Wild Bull of the Pampas, Luis Firpo, visited our shores. He cannot be compared to his predecessors.

In Defence of Boxing

(*Continued from page 6*)

a maximum price for tickets at all championship contests. Boxing, it must be remembered, draws record crowds. The experience of promoters shows that the public will pay any price for choice seats. The leading boxing promoter has taken in more than ten million dollars and has paid almost $1,500,000 in taxes to the Government.

Boxing has been made clean and today is the most popular sport with the public. It is doing its share to make the youth of the nation upstanding and virile. It instills courage and confidence in both the weak and the strong.

That the Walker Law has proved successful is evident from the fact that nineteen states in our Union have embodied the features of the New York State law in their code. There may be reasons here and there for a little fault finding, but boxing as now conducted in states where it is legalized is enjoying its greatest prosperity in the last thirty years. So long as honest, fearless and capable officials are placed in control of the sport, there need be no fear for the future of boxing. It is here to stay, and so long as we keep the game out of the clutches of the unscrupulous, so long need we have no fear of the blue law agitators.

Among Those Who Put Australia on the Fistic Map

1—*Dan Creedon;* 2—*Paddy Slavin;* 3—*Tommy Tracey;* 4—*Steve O'Donnell;* 5—*Jim Hall;* 6—*Herbert Slade, the Great Maori*

Got Tired of Counting

JACK BRITTON was boxing Ted Lewis in Brooklyn a few years ago and Jack's left was in Ted's center board so often that said beak was quite sore and red, much to the delight of the great mob present. The way Britton peppered Ted's horn was a shame. It got to be monotonous later on and drew forth great bales of laughter from the crowd.

Along about the seventh round Jack was still going strong, and the thin guy next to the fat man in the third row started counting the jobs just for a kid.

Jack jabbed four in a row, and the thin guy counted them aloud as they landed. Then a few more jumped in and finally the whole gang at the ringside joined when the ninth jab landed. Then they went on ALL TOGETHER, TEN!! Jack landed again, ELEVEN, TWELVE they howled, THIRTEEN, FOURTEEN.

Then the fat guy let out a squawk and yelled:

"Bank the last one, Jack, old boy, BANK IT!"

Jack Dempsey Greatest of All Heavyweights

By JIMMY DE FOREST

World Famous Trainer and Matchmaker of Polo Grounds A. C.

FROM Sullivan to Dempsey, the greatest champion of them all has been and is Dempsey. For personal popularity, of course, nobody has ever licked "John L." His willing and terrible fists carried him into the championship of the world, but his big voice, his big, boisterous laugh, his frank, boyish quality of good-fellowship and generosity of time and money with his friends made him even a greater champion as a heart winner. Men wept when he lost to Corbett and wept when he died—real tears.

But as a fighter, the great Sullivan in his best day must have gone down before the greater Dempsey. As did Willard. As would have Jeffries, Burns, Fitzsimmons, Corbett, Sharkey or McCoy, and as did Carpentier, who never really had a chance.

It may be noticed that one name is missing from this coterie of supermen of the ring here named—that of Jack Johnson.

These opinions and memoirs of mine would be unworthy of your attention if they were not carried out with full honesty and sincerity. That being the case I must go on record as saying that I think the greatest fight in ring history would have occurred if Johnson had met Dempsey. Of course, time has prevented such a match. Johnson had bowed to years and loose-living before Dempsey became uppermost.

But Johnson is the one heavyweight champion of all that I have known who was in his time comparable to Jack Dempsey as a fighting machine. In a trainer's eye both men owned "everything." They hit like pile-drivers, could take punishment, had endurance and added to dazzling speed the ability to strike from any angle of body position with accuracy and force. Each had a tireless pair of legs and nimble pair of feet.

THE popular conception of Champion Dempsey, as I find it, is that he is rough, tough, strong and a slugger. He has such qualities all right. But the public does not seem to understand what the experts do, which is that he is a master of the art of boxing in its finest points and is capable under pressure of showing flashes of speed equal to that of the fastest heavyweight champion I have ever known—Jim Corbett. As well could Johnson. These two and McCoy are the only men who could ever touch "Gentleman Jim's" best speed. And that goes for Carpentier.

What would have happened if Dempsey and Johnson, age and condition being equal, had met, not all my experience of the ring allows me positively to say. All in all, in such an event, I think, I would have been inclined to give Dempsey the shade for two reasons: The first is, other things being equal between a white and a black man, I have noticed that invariably the white man could exercise a psychological superiority over his brother of lesser civilization. Somehow the white man always has managed to assume and maintain the mastery.

Jack Dempsey

The other reason is that Dempsey always has shown a grimmer, more determined will to win than Johnson. There is nothing the matter with Johnson's courage. He had the true fighter's spirit and a genuine liking for the game—real champion quality in that respect as in others. But he could be amiable to a fault. His good nature could carry him to such an extent that once he was sure he had his man going he would be reluctant to finish the job.

Dempsey can be good natured and generous to an opponent, but only after he has decisively beaten him. Once he is in the ring nothing moves or stops him until he has his man down for the count. Nothing in the ring will ever stop him coming under any circumstances unless his opponent can turn the tables and knock him flat. Once the sweater is off and the gloves fitted and lifted, once the gong sets things going and you'll never get a smile out of Jack till the job is done.

JOHNSON was the greatest defensive fighter that ever lived. And he knew just how far a punch had to travel. In this respect he had no equal among the other heavies and was as wonderful in accuracy as Joe Gans. He was remarkable at recuperating himself while actually fighting in the ring without betraying to his opponent that he had been hurt. It has become the fashion almost entirely now for a fighter when he has been hard hit and feels himself slipping or dazed, immediately to fall into a clinch and hang on till he gets back his breath and steadies himself. This is good enough strategy in desperate circumstances but just the same is is always an unmistakable signal to your opponent that he has started you going, or, at least, has hurt you badly.

Johnson's method was entirely different. He was a great actor at hiding any sign that he was in distress. And instead of falling into the arms of his antagonist and hugging to escape punishment, he always could manage a marvellous series of feints of a character that made the other man think Johnson was on the point of an attack. Nearly every time Johnson would succeed in holding off his opponent, scoring the double advantage of giving his head a chance to clear and his legs to steady while concealing from the other fighter the fact that his blow or blows had done any damage at all.

In no condition when he fought Willard, Johnson managed to conceal from his bulky contender and the sharp-eyed men in Willard's corner for many rounds the fact that he already was a beaten man. He really was all in by the tenth round of the Havana battle, but his skilful feinting staved off for many rounds thereafter Willard's final crushing attack.

OF course, the time came when his endurance broke completely and he could no longer hide the real state of affairs or control his wabbly legs. Equally, of course, if Johnson had trained properly for the fight Willard never could have been returned a champion. But after coming up the roughest road that any heavyweight had to travel for the title, denied opportunities to show his class and worth as a fighter again and again, when Johnson finally did get his chance and won the throne his surrender to folly was complete and pitiable. For it is a pity to see a man wilfully destroy so wonderful a creation of body, brawn and agility as that which Johnson once possessed.

In this regard Jack Dempsey has shown himself a wiser and better man than Johnson. Despite the stories that always run around about a champion indulging in secret dissipations, any gossip of that character told of Dempsey since he attained the championship can bet set down by the public as idle or malicious trash. Dempsey is an alert and intelligent fellow, and in the intimate relations that naturally come to exist between fighter and trainer I was able to sound Jack's mind pretty thoroughly. He is as determined to hold the heavyweight championship as he was to win it. And I found that he fully appreciated the restraint he must place on himself if he meant to do so. His ambition is to hold the championship and retire undefeated only when advancing years dictate retirement to be the reasonable thing to do—at such a time of life when an honorable retirement could be made.

My judgment ranks Bob Fitzsimmons as third of the great champions. If John L. Sullivan had been born ten or fifteen years later than he was the story might be different. But he was the last of the old school. Footwork as a part of the science of the game was undeveloped. Sullivan had none. He was a rusher and slugger and he could hit crushingly and accurately too. But he had to set for his best punches and it is ring history how defenseless the big fellow was against the dancing, jabbing, ducking, bewildering speedy Corbett.

Yet, even with the best of modern training in all its branches of footwork and defense as well as aggression, I do not think Sullivan would have ever reached the form to beat Dempsey or Johnson.

SO third in this Hall of Fame I think it Bob Fitzsimmons' rightful niche. He was a puzzle and a freak to every man who ever faced him. With his skinny legs and narrow hips, thin waist and bulging, splendid chest and slippery, muscular arms, his thick, strong columnar neck supporting his little head, he was a curious, almost laughably awkward figure. But this very awkwardness was his best asset. And he was crafty enough to understand it and use it to greatest advantage.

His movements were so unexpected and out of the ordinary angles and gestures of the game that his antagonists were puzzled to gauge either his attack or his defense. And when they solved his crab-like shunts of defense and got to him repeatedly it was to discover that the ungainly blacksmith was one of the toughest, hardest men that ever stepped into a ring. That thick neck of his was a wonderful shock absorber for blows that went to his face and head.

It was a hard matter to daze Fitzsimmons with the stiffest of jabs and swings. Corbett rained all that he had on Fitz only to find a gaunt, sharp-elbowed arm shooting forth and a glove sunk in his midriff that sent him writhing and helpless to the matt. Fitz's fights with Jeffries proved that it was only Jeffries' bulk that won the victory.

IN all around consideration Corbett takes fourth place, but in one aspect he was premier. He was the darling in the eye of every one of us trainers—the great artist of the boxing arena. No heavyweight was ever so swift with his hands or more intelligent in the direction of them. Johnson and Dempsey might equal him in footwork, and both could hit harder, but neither has ever in more than flashes shown the speed with hands and feet which Corbett could so frequently sustain throughout an entire round.

There was not so much back of Jim's punches as back of the jabs and hooks and swings of these other men, but Corbett in action was the most satisfying spectacle that ever a boxing expert looked upon. He could hit hard, but not crushingly hard.

His endurance was never great, however, and the only thing that carried him as far as it did in his fights with the bulky men was that his courage was as fine a thing as were his speed and science. There were no yellow spots on "Gentleman Jim."

A little more caution might have won him his famous fight against Jeffries. It was his readiness to take a chance and mix it when he was himself tired out by long rounds of milling that cost him the regaining of the title at Coney Island years ago. He had won the decision by twenty miles on points but, endeavoring to floor Jeffries, himself slowed down by weariness, he walked into a wild punch that knocked him out.

IN the roster of champions I would place Tommy Burns above both Jeffries and Willard, for although the title came to Burns without hardly striking a blow for it—through the retirement of Jeffries—and he was a small man for it, yet he fought long, manfully and skilfully to retain it against Johnson in that day when Johnson was unquestionably the greatest of them all.

In the cases of Jeffries and Willard it was just beef. Jeffries, it is true, was schooled to considerable skill in boxing finally, but never to the degree that a man of the all around qualifications of

(*Continued on page 28*)

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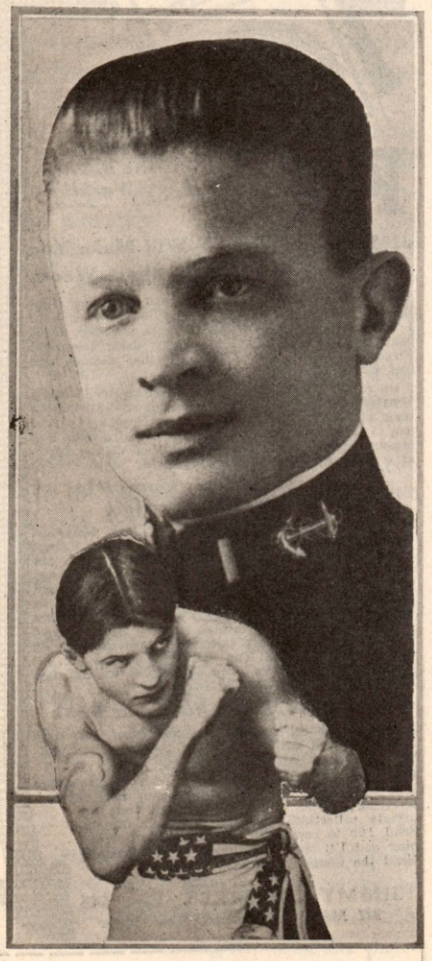
International Bouts In Which Uncle Sam's Jolly Tars Figured

By J. J. ("DOC") DOUGHERTY,
Coaching Staff, U. S. Naval Academy

BASEBALL follows the flag. So does the boxing glove. The United States Navy boys are the lads who introduce both games into the farflung places. Sailor athletes, traveling the world over, are ofttimes called upon to indulge in matches with athletes from other nations. Sometimes these affairs are "mixed" matches, the sport of one country being pitted against our own.

Back in 1907, in Hongkong, China, Jimmy O'Rourke, the pugilistic pride of the United States gunboat Wilmington, crossed swords with Gaston Poitier, a French "savate" champion, who hung his red tasseled sailor cap



Heinie Miller

on the French cruiser "Jaureguiberry." O'Rourke was a tough rooster, the son of an Irish trader and a Siwash Indian mother. He used to ramble forty-five rounds without breathing hard.

Dick Whittaker, the Tex Rickard of Hongkong, where bouts were staged right in the Royal City Hall, conceived the brilliant idea of matching O'Rourke with the Frenchman to see which style of self-defense was the better. In savate, the boxer uses both his hands and his feet.

One who has never seen savate would imagine that these fellows kick straight out ahead like Red Grange punting for old Illini. Jimmy O'Rourke also thought just that way.

* * *

THE two entered the ring. O'Rourke kept his eyes glued on the Frenchman's soft-slippered feet. The latter suddenly feinted with his left hand, whirled completely about on his left toe and his right heel banged O'Rourke squarely on the whiskers. Jimmy came down like a 200-pound book agent being dropped out of a seventh story window.

But Jimmy had a pernicious habit of always getting up again when felled. He managed to stagger to his feet before the elementary mathematics had been fully applied. Immediately the Frenchman made another left hand feint, another whirl. The whizzing right heel cut a beautiful parabola toward the auricular appendages of O'Rourke. That gallant tar grabbed the foot, held it high in the air, reached over and banged the Frenchie squarely on the button with a right hook. School was out in Gay Paree.

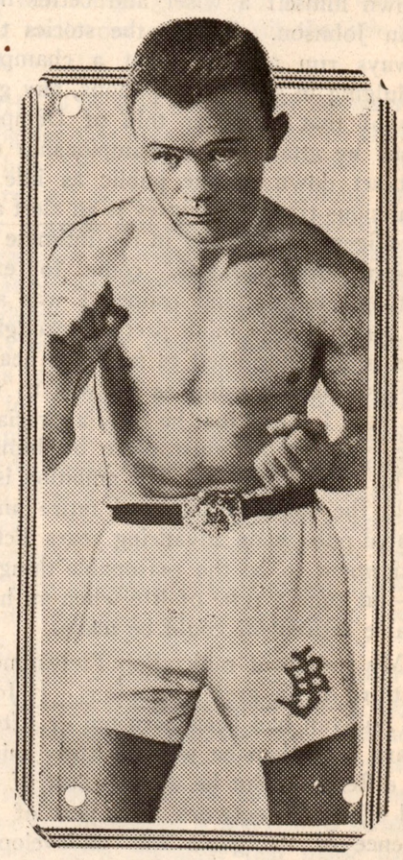
Another international match was the one in which Battling Sims, a dusky middleweight from the same ship, the Wilmington, boxed Tai Woo, a sensational Chinese heavyweight who had acquired some knowledge of the art of self-defense at Oxford University in England. Sims was not at all keen about crawling into the ring with Tai Woo, for the latter weighed well over two hundred pounds and had a way of stopping pesky opponents with one wallop.

All the Asiatic pugs, black, white or yellow, were strong for the ring game if they lasted one round with Tai Woo. Sims was scared white when the big Chinese crawled into the ring.

At the initial gong the big Asiatic tore at the dusky gob like a wild man, chasing him all over the ring. The latter tin-canned like the rankest sort of a quitter while the ringsiders voiced their disgust in no uncertain terms.

* * *

SIMS managed to last the first round by confining his activities to straight heel and toe work. He came back to his corner, ready to quit. Sims was sick. Sims wanted to go



Johnny Buff

home. He had broken his hand. His back ached. His feet were sore.

In Sims' corner was Chief Master at Arms Peter Johnson, a bucko mate of the rough old school when sailormen with a broad axe.

Roared Peter—"You'll not quit on me. You'll either take your licking from that Chink or from me after the neighbor's children go home."

He actually shoved Sims out for the second round. The Chinaman was right on top of Sims again, smashing, swinging, hooking from every angle, his long queue whipping in the air. He chattered at Sims in select Cantonese. Sims wrapped both hands around his

(*Continued on page* 27)

FROM RAGS TO RICHES (*Continued from page 9*)

at Scranton, when I was just a kid and Billy was at his best. He certainly gave me a bad night, throwing left hooks into my stomach. In another way my bout with Valger was the toughest I ever had. Not that he hurt me, for I never was stung badly. But I wanted so badly to make a great fight that it was a sad disappointment when he would not open up and fight."

Goodrich is the type of fighter that passed out years ago. He likes a distance, unsuited to short bouts of today. Twenty or twenty-five rounds would suit him better than ten or twelve. Jimmy himself realizes that he is a slow starter. On the night he faced Mandell in the semi-final round he boxed five rounds in the dressing room to get up a sweat. Looks like Jimmy was born too late.

Before he went to work in the munitions shops Jimmy sold newspapers. There was a newsboys gymnasium in one of the side streets in Buffalo and every chance he got found Jimmy in there knocking off a few rounds. He caught the eye of Paul (Red) Carr, who is now handling Slattery. They didn't get on very well and dissolved partnership, as it were. Carr was succeeded by Frankie Neil. Neil is one of the closest friends Goodrich has. Frankie got him plenty of work.

To get a line on his ability Frankie matched Goodrich with Dundee in Canada in the early part of 1923. Johnny was proud possessor of the junior lightweight championship. The weight stipulation called for 131, one over the titular poundage. Goodrich came in a quarter of a pound overweight. Dundee's secretary fussed and fumed about it. Johnny came to Goodrich's rescue by refusing to take his forfeit. "I thank you very much Mr. Dundee," said Goodrich. Dundee will tell you to this day that the unknown Buffalo youngster gave him one of a few of his real tough battles.

SATISFIED that Goodrich was a diamond in the rough, Neil decided to show him in New York. He got him a match with Red Cap Wilson, at Madison Square Garden. Jimmy triumphed over Scotty Montieth's protege in six one-sided rounds. They fought one of the preliminaries to the Jack Britton-Mickey Walker welterweight titular duel in which Mickey trounced the veteran Britton.

After that it was easy sailing for Goodrich. He slaughtered Pal Moran, at the Queensboro, beat Hart at the Pioneer and then came a defeat at the hands of Louis (Kid) Kaplan. He should never have fought that night because his mother was ill. Just before he climbed through the ropes he learned of her death. Rather than disappoint the large crowd in Tex Rickard's arena Jimmy went through with the contest. His mind was furthest from fighting. Try as he might he could not get going with the result that he lost a ten round decision to the Meriden, Conn., whirlwind.

In the first of the 135-pound elimination bouts Goodrich stacked up against Wagner, of Philadelphia. At the end of ten rounds the judges and referee agreed on a draw. They were ordered to fight two more rounds. Goodrich was declared the winner. He drew Jeagle as his opponent in the next round. He won under wraps. Then came the acid test contest of his career, that with Mandell at the Queensboro.

True Sammy was leading on points when he committed the unpardonable foul in the sixth stanza, but Jimmy was just warming up to his task and he had a good chance of beating the shifty westerner. Goodrich sprung one of the fistic surprises of the year when he took the cool, calculating Valgar into camp beating him from pillar to post in fifteen rounds.

The largest amount of money Goodrich has received thus far was $1800, his "end" from the Dundee scrap.

A fine fortune stares him in the face.

INTERNATIONAL BOUTS (*Continued from page 26*)

head, cowered in his corner and waited for "the death."

But things were coming too rapidly for Sims.

Instinctively he tried to get out of that corner. Instinctively he ducked a right swing.

Instinctively, while going out under the right swing, he jammed a short right tap to the Chinaman's bread basket. Down went Tai Woo, out cold.

The referee was so surprised he nearly forgot to count. Sims couldn't believe his eyes. He stood there, fear written all over his ashen face; fear lest Tai Woo should rise again. When the referee had said "nine and OUT" Sims brightened. He staged a triumphal parade of one around the ring, bowing and grinning. He wound up in his own corner, his chest well out, and addressed Pete Johnson with:

"Did yo' all see me a-feelin' 'at big boy out in the fust roun'? Jes' wanted to see wot he had, thass all, befo' knockin' him off." Tai Woo let it be known later that Sims was the first man who had ever hit him in the stomach. His game was to win quick or not at all, to scare his opponents stiff with a terrific opening attack. Tai Woo never fought again.

* * *

YET another international match was the one between Heinie Miller, also a Navy lad, and Yujiro Omato, Japanese Jiu-jitsu champion. Miller, at the time, was both feather and lightweight champion of the Far East. Later he became a naval officer and he is now sports editor of the Washington Herald.

It was during a Japanese merchants' celebration in Manila, Philippine Islands. The town was decorated with American and Japanese flags. The Japanese fleet was in the harbor. All sorts of Japanese games were being staged.

A committee of Japanese called on Admiral Harber, commanding the Asiatic Squadron, and requested that one of the smallest boxers in the fleet be pitted against Omato, their jiu-jitsu star to see whether jiu-jitsu was a better game than boxing. Heinie Miller was chosen for the job.

At that time Heinie weighed about 124 pounds. The Japanese weighed less than 100. Thy entered the ring at the Orpheum Theatre, Manila. Miller wore regulation five-ounce gloves. He was allowed to hit at any and all times.

The Japanese wore a short Japanese wrestling jacket. He was allowed to use any jiu-jitsu hold but was not allowed to punch. The bout was to be decided by the best two knockdowns or falls out of three.

The arena was packed with Americans and Japanese. Miller walked from his corner, extending his hand for the customary shake. The little yellow man grabbed it like a flash, whirled and pitched the American fully fifteen feet across the ring on his head. One fall for Japan.

Miller bounced to his feet only to find Omato right on top of him. Heinie feinted with a left. The Japanese grabbed for it. Quick as a flash a deadening right landed flush on the little fellow's chin. Omato was out for ten minutes. He forfeited the other fall.

Later Omato, who could not speak English, told an interpreter that he did not know hitting was to be permitted. He thought the gloves on Miller's hands were to act as a handicap on account of Heinie's advantage in weight.

Siki Denies Coming from Jungle; Admits Double Crossing Carpentier

By ED CUNNINGHAM

Sport Expert of the Boston Post

BATTLING SIKI resents the statements that he came out of the jungle. The Battler doesn't like the wide publicity given to statements that he hopped from the branches of a cocoanut tree right into the ring and that he is only one generation removed from a prominent family of baboons in Senegal.

In a recent interview Siki admitted that he had double-crossed Georges Carpentier by knocking him out in the fourth round instead of "flopping" as seemingly had been arranged. Here's what Siki has to say about himself:

"I was born in St. Louis, the capital of Senegal, which is a big city with street cars and everything a modern city has. My father is an exporter of aigrettes and feathers and monkey fur for hats and dresses. He has money.

* * *

"WHEN I was seven years old the family was moving down the coast to the port of Dokar, and a Madame Elaine Grosse, a German dancer, wanted to take me back to Germany with her and educate me. My parents permitted it and we landed at Marseilles. There the French immigration officer would not let her take me to Germany without my parents' consent. The consent never came and finally she left me there with 1,000 francs.

"La Francais Bienfassance, a woman's organization, took charge of me and put me in school. Every day at school I would have fights and at night come home with my shirt in ribbons.

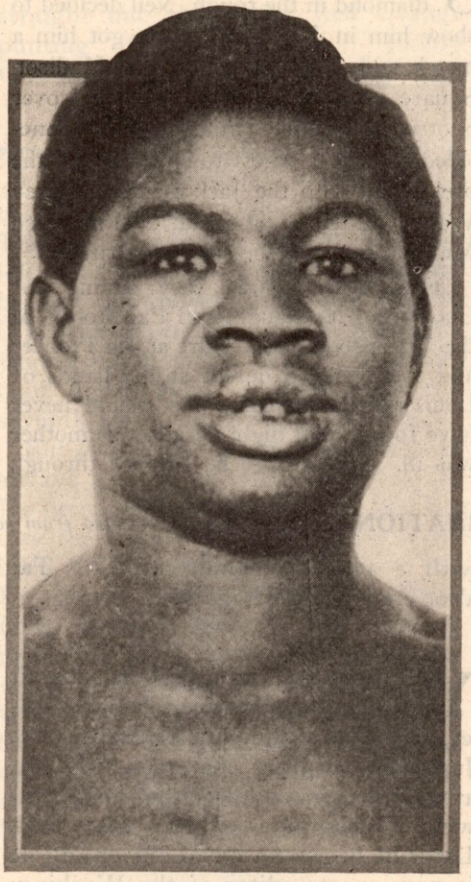
* * *

"WHEN I was 13 I finished that school and went to work as an elevator operator in a hotel, but I had to go to night school there, where I learned physical culture and la savate. The next year I got permission to go to Nice, where I worked as a kitchen boy in a hotel. Then the Bienfassance sent me to the Le Somme preparatory school at Amiens. I stayed there until I was 16 and the war broke out.

"I went to Paris and enlisted and was sent to Toulon to meet the Colonial troops coming from Senegal. I did not mix well with them at first, but got used to it.

"I was in the first battle of the Marne and for the next three years I was a corporal in the 18th Territorials. I was wounded three times, the last time badly, and after three months in the hospital I was attached to the heavy artillery at Camp De Mailley in the Marne department, where I helped with the American gunners.

"The Americans had a Y. M. C. A. and I worked there and learned to box.



Battling Siki

Every Saturday and Sunday I would box with the American soldiers.

* * *

"I WAS demobilized in 1919 and given 25 francs. I wrote to my parents for money but they did not send me any. They were angry because I never came back. So I got a job as a waiter in the Cafe Royale. Then I got a job that paid better in a two-franc restaurant in Rue aux Ours as cook.

"It was part of my job to throw out the bad patrons who did not have two francs, and a fight promoter saw me bounce a man through the door one night and offered me 20 francs to fight at a boxing show. I did. When I got into the ring I shut both eyes and swung. I knocked my opponent out. How I did it I do not know. But after that I fought for 20 francs every night.

"After a while the boxing federation got up a contest for a battle with Georges Carpentier. I knocked out Paul Journee and Marcel Nilles and reached Carpentier. But he would not fight me unless my manager agreed that he should win in the fourth round. I had to agree to that in order to get the chance to fight the great Carpentier, the idol of the boulevards.

* * *

"BUT when the fourth round came I knocked him cold. And I was the 'idol of the boulevards,' from Le Plonguer —dishwasher—to 'champion.' From the time I was seven until I was champion I had seen the greatest hotels, the gay parties, and never had been in one. Just night school and day school and elevators and dishes and war.

"So I became the bon vivant, too. But wild?—monsieur, I go wild from ennui, mais oui."

(*Continued from page* 25)

Dempsey or Johnson couldn't have trounced him to an ignoble finish. He was an imposing four-flush, for he never had the heart of a champion and no more has Willard. On the brow of both I always thought the heavyweight crown looked cock-eyed.

I would rather think of broad, rugged, hard-hitting but clumsy Tom Sharkey as being worth mention in a group that includes Dempsey, Johnson, Fitzsimmons and Corbett. And when thus speaking I must not forget McCoy—the great Kid —who, if nature had only been generous enough to gift him with a few more pounds of flesh, might have changed with his two marvellously fast, punishing arms, the whole of the ring history of his time.

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Dealers who do not now obtain THE RING are requested to communicate with us and we will see that our national distributer takes care of your needs.

Great Contest at Coney Island Between the Mighty James J. Jeffries and the "Durable Tar"

By TIM McGRATH

(Fourth of a Series of Articles on Old Timers—Copyright 1925—All rights reserved.)

MANY a bulldog won a fight and died afterward. That is the way I have always thought of the 25-round fight between Jeffries and Sharkey at Coney Island.

In writing these stories I've made it a point to keep away as much as possible from the actual fights. I figured that the

Tom Sharkey as he looks today
—P & A Photo

public knows pretty much about the big fights.

But this was a wonderful fight, the greatest fight, I think, that was ever held for the world's heavy-weight championship, and many things in connection with it are still interesting.

It was the first fight, for instance, of which moving pictures were taken indoors.

Over the ring there was 1,200 arc lights, all crowded in within a space of twenty-four feet square. The heat from these lights was intense. I remember the remark Sharkey made as he entered the ring:

"Bedad, it's like the tropics in here."

Accompanying Sharkey to the ring were Tom O'Rourke, Frank McConnell, little George Dixon, Bob Armstrong and I.

Senator Timothy D. Sullivan, "Big Tim," as he was popularly called, also occupied a seat in Tom's corner, but he didn't occupy it much, because he was on his feet rooting for Tom most of the time.

WITH Jeffries were his manager, William A. Brady; his trainer, Billy Delaney; Tommy Ryan, Jack Jeffries, and Ernest Roeber, the wrestler. The late George Siler was the referee.

The heat from the arc lights grew worse every minute after we entered the ring, and it bothered the two fighters as they sat in their corners. But once the fight started Sharkey didn't notice the heat or anything else excepting the great, big fellow in front of him.

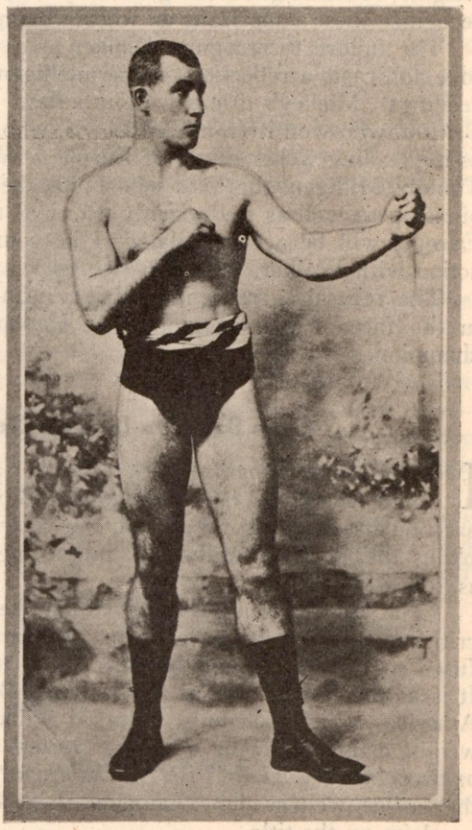
A few of the essentials of the fight will suffice. There was one knockdown. Jeffries came tearing out in the third round and Sharkey swung at him, missed and went off balance; as Tom whirled back Jeffries was on top of him and their heads came together with a bumb that could be heard all over the arena. Sharkey went down, but was up in an instant, and he tore at Jeffries harder than ever.

The bump however, split open Tom's eye, and the blood spurted out like water from a drinking fountain. A split eye, though, did not bother the sailor—he was sure a tough guy.

I ALMOST forget to mention that there was a little something in connection with the match that helped Tom. The arena where the fight was staged was built out over the water, and the waves which kept splashing up against the floor, made Sharkey think he was back on the ship.

Sharkey's real trouble, though, came in the ninth round, when, in trying to land an overhand wallop on Jeff's head, which was 'way above him, he threw his left arm out of its socket.

That handicaped Tom considerably, for every time he tried to use the left after that he had to jump, and those wise birds, Delaney and Tommy Ryan, instructed



Sharkey as he looked when he fought Jim Jeffries

Jeff to drive his right into Tom's side every time he jumped.

Jeffries obeyed instructions and in the fourteenth round, when Tom whispered to me that he had a stitch in his side, I knew that Jeffries was caving in his ribs.

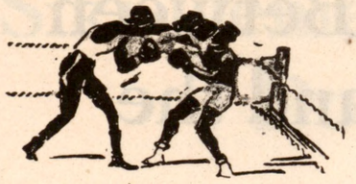
But there was nothing we could do about it and we instructed Tom to keep tearing in, and he tore in so hard that the crowd began to hiss.

When he came back to his corner Tom said, "Tim, the people are hissing me."

"No, they're not, Tom," I said, "that noise comes from the electric lights."

So Tom went out and continued to

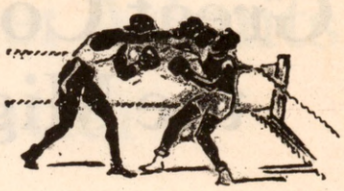
(Continued on page 32)



As We See It

Crisp Comment on Current Ring Problems

By NAT FLEISCHER
Publisher and Editor of THE RING



Foreign Boxing Inconsistency

AT a recent meeting of the International Boxing Union in Paris the world championships of Pancho Villa, flyweight; Phil Rosenberg, bantamweight; Kid Kaplan, featherweight; Harry Greb, middleweight, and Jack Dempsey, heavyweight, were recognized.

The union refused to recognize Mickey Walker, welterweight, and Paul Berlenbach, light heavyweight. The lightweight title, of course, has no owner, as Benny Leonard has retired. Says a report of the federation meeting:

"The union ruled that as the European champions have had no opportunity to meet the American champions in the lightweight, welterweight and light heavyweight classes, it will not recognize these Americans as world champions."

The failure to recognize Walker as a world champion is a joke and casts a reflection on the intelligence of the entire proceedings. Mickey's title is without a flaw. He got it from Jack Britton, who won it from Ted Lewis, who had been recognized as the leading welterweight of Europe. We have no doubt that Tommy Milligan, the Scot who holds the welterweight championship as well as the recently acquired middleweight title of Europe, will be accommodated if he comes over in quest of action with Walker.

The refusal to recognize Walker is all the more palpable in the face of the recognition of Kaplan, the featherweight champion.

* * *

Goes Back On Its Own Decision

IN refusing to recognize Mickey Walker as the world's welterweight champion the International Boxing Union has gone back on itself. C. F. Mathison, the veteran boxing critic, explains the situation well in an interesting letter to the editor, as follows:

"The International Boxing Union deserved much severer criticism than you aimed at them. England has steadfastly refused to join the Union because of its many absurd rulings. It is as much of a joke as the National Boxing Association of America, which solemnly indorsed Pinky Mitchell's welterweight claim following a *voting contest in which Pinky was overwhelmingly ELECTED!!! champion!!!* If Walker is not the world's welterweight champion, then Britton and Lewis had no claim on the title.

"The edict of the foreign solons is a boomerang, for in 1917 they pronounced Albert Badoud of France the welter champion of Europe. Lewis, you will recollect, left England as featherweight champion of that country, and soon grew to be a welterweight after his arrival here. He also announced he would become a citizen of America and he defeated Britton in a bout for the American welter title.

"Badoud came to America and in 1917 was knocked out in one round by Lewis, which made the latter world's champion of the class. In the following year, 1918, Britton knocked out Lewis in 9 rounds, thus becoming world's welter champion. The record is clear to all except the International Union, and its rulings are productive only of mirth."

* * *

Ace Hudkins Not Yet Ready

EASTERN boxing critics returning from the Pacific Coast for the last six months have been singing the praises of Ace Hudkins, the Nebraska lightweight, who has created quite a sensation out where the West ends. Hudkins recently struck a snag in his fight with Tommy O'Brien, after which he was suspended for hitting low.

In view of all the praise of Hudkins it is interesting to note that Toby Irwin, who refereed the fight with O'Brien, says that the Cornhusker is not yet ready for the best of the Eastern lightweights. Certainly Hudkin's showing against Tommy, who is not exactly a Leonard himself, did not warrant the belief that Hudkins was ready to take a fling at the title.

"Hudkins is a tough, rough boy," comments Irwin, "and a willing mixer, but in O'Brien he found a smart boy with a terrific wallop in his right hand. O'Brien waited for Hudkins to come in and then nailed him hard.

"He knocked Hudkins down three times and twice had Ace in a bad way.

"I warned Hudkins four times about low blows, and there was nothing for me to do but award O'Brien the fight when Hudkins for the fifth time hit O'Brien in the groin.

"Hudkins got more than he expected in O'Brien. He was outclassed by the Easterner."

* * *

And Still the Battle Goes On!

IN a recent issue of THE RING one of our readers asked who was the greatest heavyweight in modern ring history. THE RING's answer was John L. Sullivan.

This answer brought a long letter from Charles F. Mathison, dean of New York sport writers, in which he took issue with those who contend John L. Sullivan was the greatest of them all. Since the appearance of Mr. Mathison's letter in the last issue, THE RING has been flooded with letters from Sullivan's admirers, the writers severely criticizing Mr. Mathison's stand.

It is interesting to note that another famous sportsman, William A. Brady, better known in fistic circles of the old days as "Bill" Brady, the only manager of two world's heavyweight champions, Jim Corbett and Jim Jeffries, sides with Mr. Mathison. In an interview with THE RING on the subject, Mr. Brady has the following to say:

"Sullivan was far from being the greatest heavyweight in the world or the most colorful. Most of the stories I've recently read about Sullivan as a great fighter, the greatest in modern ring history, are all bunk. In my opinion, John L. was the greatest false alarm the ring has ever seen

"He didn't compare to the great Jim Corbett or to several other fighters I can mention. I honestly believe that Bob Fitzsimmons, Jeffries, Jim Hall and Frank Slavin were his superiors and could have beaten him when he was in his prime. Sullivan never defeated a real, good fighter in his life and never had any claim to the world's crown. He telegraphed every punch he threw at an opponent, never had any real defense and his cleverness was absolutely nil. His right was as clumsy as that of a bear.

"In my opinion the greatest showman and the most colorful fighter of modern ring history was none other than Jim Corbett. He was a wonder. He had more class than any fighter that ever put on a pair of gloves. It was he who put boxing on the high level it now enjoys. Jim was a credit to the game."

As Brady knows the fighting game and its men from A to Z, this opinion should carry considerable weight in this much discussed question.

However, it will continue to be a red hot topic for years and years. The Sullivanites never will be downed.

Wills, Shade and Greb

THE brilliant boxing carnival staged for the benefit of the Italian Hospital Fund at the Polo Grounds in New York recently developed several interesting questions. For one thing, how much longer will Jack Dempsey be able to stave off the claim which Harry Wills presents for a chance at the world's heavyweight championship?

Wills made hash out of Charley Weinert and knocked him out in the second round. Weinert proved a mere shell and a plaything in the hands of the big negro, who struck hard and viciously and scored a clean and decisive knockout.

The startling development of the night was the knockout victory of Dave Shade over Jimmy Slattery. The Buffalo boxer came into the ring with a big advantage in weight and reputation. He had been heralded as a second Corbett. He had shown cleverness and a punch and was expected to win without much trouble.

Yet Shade stopped Slattery with a right uppercut which was snapped home with a twist of the wrist very much like Kid McCoy's famous corkscrew. Slattery never was in the hunt. He was baffled by the weaving, ducking, bobbing style of the smaller man and proved that while he was effective against big targets, he was at a loss against smaller boxers.

Shade came into the ring scaling close to 156 pounds. At two o'clock in the afternoon he weighed in at 153 pounds. At his ringside weight Shade looked to be down to his best fighting poundage. It would be futile for Shade to continue his foolish talk about challenging for the welterweight title. We doubt very much as if Shade would make the welter limit. It would be the height of foolishness for him to attempt to reduce to 145 pounds.

Even if he were able to come down to that poundage he would be too weak to do himself justice. At any rate, after stopping Slattery, Shade faces his chances in the middleweight division rather than in the lighter class.

* * *

The Case of Mickey Walker

The fight between Harry Greb and Mickey Walker was fought to form. The middleweight champion gave the welterweight title holder a neat beating, having him on the verge of a knockout in the fourteenth round. Walker gave one of the gamest exhibitions ever seen in a ring when he rallied and forced Greb to hang on.

Walker, like Shade, raised doubts as to his being able to make the welterweight limit. Mickey may be able to do it for a spell, but he's not going to remain a welter very much longer. He came into the ring against Greb scaling at about 154 pounds. He had weighed in at 152 at two o'clock in the afternoon. Against Greb Mickey looked to be in perfect shape. Mickey is a big boy and no doubt is about ready to go into the middleweight class, where there will be more action—and more money.

However, Walker is not going to leave the welter ranks until he meets Benny Leonard—or is satisfied that Leonard has retired to stay retired.

Greb, one of the freaks of ring history, again proved himself a wonder. It seems a pity that a fighting machine like the middleweight champion is not a better hitter. Still, if Greb were able to hit hard that terrific downward sweeping hammer-like blow which is one of his exclusive features he would be a killer.

* * *

Hard Blow for the Promoters

The Italian Fund show gave the regular promoters a severe wallop. The promoters of the charity event went the limit in drawing up their card. They presented three attractions which would have been headliners in themselves.

The promoters are face to face with the fact that it takes more than just one attraction to bring out the crowd. It does not do to present one outstanding match and back it with a weak card. The fans want some class all the way down the line.

Humbert Fugazy, who promoted the Italian Fund carnival, proved himself a skilful matchmaker and a financial wizard. No doubt his success will embolden him to remain in the promoting game.

* * *

Poor Lightweight Timber

FROM the class that was shown by the winners in the semi-final and third round, the lightweight elimination tournament proved a fizzle in so far as high class talent was concerned. The elimination of Sammy Mandell by Jimmy Goodrich robbed the tourney of its biggest and best showman. His disqualification for fouling also undoubtedly prevented the leading lightweight of the country from taking his place at the top of the ladder.

The victories of Loayza and Goodrich in the semi-finals came as big surprises. It was expected that Valgar and Cirilin Olana would be the finalists. Loayza polished off his Cuban rival in less than three full rounds and he displayed a punch that marks him as a dangerous fighter.

LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

Erskine McIllwaine,
Monroe, N. C.
Having received two issues of your magazine, I feel that it is my duty to tell how well pleased I am with it. I cannot be too extravagant in my praise for The Ring, and I trust that you will continue to give to the public everything that is clean and honest in boxing.

Paris, France.
Please send me each month a copy of your great boxing magazine. Your book outranks any of its kind. Good luck and best wishes.

Clyde Berry,
N. B., Canada.
Your articles in the last issue of The Ring gave me considerable pleasure. More power to your great publication. Enclosed find my money for a subscription.

F. Sotomayer,
Hato-Ray, Porto Rico.
We obtain several copies of The Ring here and the demand is so big that all are taken in a jiffy. To make sure I get my copy, I am sending you money for a year's subscription. Your magazine meets a big demand.

Stanley Adamson,
Liverpool, England.
I wish there were such a magazine as The Ring in England. We have quite a few here but none that caters to the sport as does The Ring. It is well for boxing that such a publication exists. Enclosed find money order for one year's subscription.

George Alberto de Diego,
Ancion, Panama Canal Zone.
There is no sporting magazine is this land which is read with such eagerness among my friends and myself as The Ring. Keep up your fine work and you will be well repaid. Here is my money for a year's subscription.

William Heathcote,
Staylbridge, Cheshire County, England.
Enclosed is express order for one year's subscription to your splendid boxing magazine. It is too bad you cannot see your way clear to increase the size to give us more of your interesting stories.

S. McDermott,
Manchester, Lancs., England.
I am herewith forwarding money for one year's subscription. Best wishes for your continued success.

Geo. Altberg,
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Have been a constant reader of The Ring and would like to say that it is far ahead of any other publication devoted exclusively to boxing.

J. Gross, New York City.
I have been reading The Ring for the last year. There is no magazine more interesting than The Ring. I have just finished the July issue and cannot wait until the August issue is out.
I am a boxing fan and the only magazine I read is The Ring. It is the most interesting of its kind in the world.

Quah Cheow Quan,
Penang, Straits Settlement.
I found a world of interesting reading in your April issue which just arrived here. I am with an American rubber concern here and your book is absorbed by all who can read English.

J. Lopp,
Pokfolum Road, Hong Kong, China.
I am very happy to be able to renew my subscription. There is no magazine like yours the world over.

Frank Quinlan,
Uturoa, Raiatea,
via San Francisco and Papette.
In this far off land there is nothing I enjoy better than to read every line of your wonderful magazine. I just received word that my subscription will soon expire. Enclosed find Express Order for another year's subscription.

Carmen Longo,
Philadelphia, Pa.
I am a reader of The Ring and find it the most interesting boxing publication in the world. I read most every boxing magazine in the world, but there is nothing like The Ring. I will always read it.

* * *

A Ring Admirer,
Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
While attending the Gibbons-Tunney fight on June 6 I was given a copy of your magazine and surely enjoyed the contents. I did not know that there was a magazine devoted to boxing exclusively, published, and the Police Gazette, while I liked to look over the boxing news, I did not care to have it come into my home.
I like boxing "news," and if the "news" happens to lie around the house I want to feel that there is nothing objectionable in it that might cause comment in the family. Your magazine is clean and I am enclosing a M.O. covering a year's subscription.
Boxing is quiet up this way just now, but some of the boys will return here shortly to resume training, and if you want a few notes from the training camps I will gladly send them on.

Paid in Land for His Bout with Dempsey at Shelby, Tom Gibbons May Soon Be Wealthy Oil Magnate

JUST before the gong clanged for the first round of the world's championship fight between Jack Dempsey and Tommy Gibbons at Shelby, Mont., that hot Fourth of July afternoon in 1923, one of the ringsiders rose, called to Gibbons and handed him a sheaf of papers. The challenger hardly glanced at them. As Eddie Kane, his manager, ducked under the ropes to leave the ring Gibbons called him and turned over the papers for safekeeping.

Then the bell announced the fight for which the champion received the sum of $280,000, while the contender from St. Paul received nothing.

The world is already familiar with the fact that mismanagement and one thing and another almost led to the calling off of the Shelby fight, and that Gibbons, who was to have shared in part of the proceeds of the match, had to take a licking and be satisfied with it.

Had there been a reasonably large sale for the fight Gibbons might have made $150,000 or $200,000. But he didn't, and to all intents and purposes this story should end here.

BUT Johnny O'Neill, one of the two O'Neill boys, former members of the American Olympic Rugby team, world's champions, let us in on a little secret.

Johnny is associated with his brother and father in oil holdings at Shelby and in other oil holdings in Southern California, and was one of the heroic life guards who jumped into the breach when the Shelby fight was floundering. There was a mere matter of $100,000 needed for the second installment to the champion, and it looked panicky for the dough. But Johnny is a sport. He had faith in Shelby, and he set out to raise the money by subscription. Johnny called on his intimate friends and the money was forthcoming.

"How are things in Shelby? Fine," said Johnny. "Conditions have picked up wonderfully of late. It hasn't been posible to get a room there in months. And the properties are good.

"I just wanted to tell you that it looks as if Tommy Gibbons is to make some money out of his holdings after all. I mean his connection with the Shelby fight might not be the total loss some writers have pictured."

"Is that so? Just what do you mean?"

"Why, those leases which were handed to Gibbons before the fight. You see, when Gordon Campbell, one of the supporters of the movement to bring the fight to Shelby, reached the arena the day of the bout and found the seats half empty he was sorely disappointed. He had formed a strong attachment for Gibbons during the training days at Shelby.

"HE knew that Gibbons wasn't going to receive anything for the fight and he felt it was up to him to make good in some way. So he made his way down the aisle before the fight, reaching Gibbons' corner just in the nick of time. He drew out of his pocket the assignments to forty acres of Shelby oil properties and handed them to Tommy.

" 'Here,' he said, 'I want you to get something out of this, old boy. Good luck.'

"We very shortly will determine just how valuable those lands are. They are in a good section, and may prove big producers for Gibbons. The section is No. 8, township 35, range 2. They are driving two offset wells close to this lease right now. A few weeks will show whether Tommy is an oil king or not.

"But wouldn't it be funny—" Johnny threw his head back and laughed, remembering the hectic days and the frenzied finance that preceded the Shelby fight, "if the oil came in on Tommy's property and he awoke some morning in the near future—no longer a front-runner in the heavyweight division, but the owner of some of the richest oil land in Montana?"

GREAT BOUT BETWEEN JEFFRIES AND SHARKEY

(*Continued from page* 28)

"tear." Towards the end of the fight Tom was sailing in so hard that Delaney began to yell: "Sharkey is holding! Sharkey is holding!"

We paid no attention, of course, and Delaney then yelled across the ring at us that if Sharkey didn't stop holding he would do something to show the crowd that he was holding.

NOW I don't like to say anything against Delaney, who was my friend, and has gone West, but the truth is the truth, and it's a known fact to all those of us who were around the ring that during the minute rest before the last round he loosened the lace of Jeffries' glove and in a clinch the glove came off and remained under Sharkey's arm.

What happened immediately after the glove came off is something those who saw the fight still argue about. Some say that Jeffries hit Sharkey with his bare fist. We were all so excited that I can't say positively he did.

Siler, though, stopped the fight and tied on the glove, and Jeffries and Sharkey were just beginning to tear at each other again when the final gong sounded.

Siler promptly raised Jeffries' hand and thus ended the greatest fight for the heavyweight championship of the world in pugilistic history—"the fight of a century"—as it was afterward called.

The raising of Jeffries' hand also terminated my ten years' "voyage" with brave Tom Sharkey—as game and tough a fighter as ever lived.

Now I want to let my readers in on a secret. Ten days after their fight at Coney Island Jeffries and Sharkey fought the last round over again.

Very likely they did it to make a better picture of that final session. I suppose it was because of the glove coming off.

William A. Brady served as referee in this second one-round fight in place of Siler. There was a very good reason for this. Sharkey had made the statement that if Siler ever came near him he would throw him into the Atlantic Ocean.

Brady to make himself look like Siler, wore a false moustache and a white hat. Bill played his part very well indeed.

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MY HARDEST FIGHT

(*Continued from page* 15)

couldn't get up on my feet. At the count of "seven" I recovered my senses and just as "nine" was being tolled I pushed myself up with the aid of the lower strand of rope.

Solzberg, scenting victory by a knockout, went after me like a madman. He kept swinging the right, but luckily he missed those that carried the most strength. As they whizzed by I could feel the wind that made them disappear in the cloud of smoke.

ONLY my stamina and that wonderful attribute called youth, saved me from taking the long trip to dreamland. I certainly had a tight squeeze that night.

Solzberg tried his derndest to finish me in the last round, but I managed to weather the storm. Left jabs and left hooks kept him at bay. But he was dangerous right up to the last bell.

It took me a week or more to get over the effects of that lacing. "Gee, can't that kid hit!" I remember talking to Meade in the dressing room after the scrap. "Lay off him!" I said as they started to massage my body and face. Solzberg received the popular newspaper decision the next day. And he deserved it.

About a year later I clashed with Kid Williams in Philadelphia. He hit me the hardest punch I ever received, in the third round; one only, however, because I knocked him off in the very next stanza.

You will recall that Jack Sharkey knocked me down two or three times in 1920 when he competed in the second fight at Madison Square Garden as the law came into being, but those knockdowns were tame compared with the ones Solzberg scored.

Incidentally in the Solzberg battle I learned many things that came to my rescue in my campaign leading up to the championship. I learned how to feint, a trick that I got hep to against Solzberg. His feinting in our fight rattled me.

Another boy who used to make a lot of trouble for me, but couldn't punch hard enough to knock your hat off, was Memphis Pal Moore.

But the boy who takes the cake, if I may repeat, is Johnny Solzberg. I'll never forget him as long as I live. It was he who gave me my hardest fight.

Minute Rest Between Rounds

By EDDIE BORDEN

JULY was a tempestuous month for embyro champions. Out of the smoke of battle there emerged several heroes. The upsets undoubtedly will do boxing a world of good. The more the merrier. Nothing like it has been seen since the inception of the Walker Law. It is not divulging any secret or secrets to state that some of the bettors cleaned up a small fortune taking the short end. As many as three one-to-four shots were bowled over.

Jimmy Slattery, acknowledged to be a second Jim Corbett in point of science and a potential candidate for heavyweight titular honors, was the most important headliner to bite the resin dust. He was felled by Dave Shade, California welterweight.

Long will live in the memories of the 40,000 shouting spectators at the gigantic Italian Hospital Fund bouts, held at the Polo Grounds, July 2, the sight of a blood stained towel that came hurtling over the top rope from Slattery's corner in token of defeat. The end came after one minute and thirty-three seconds of one-sided milling in the third of six scheduled stanzas.

Slats was reeling around the ring like a man full of hootch out on his feet to all intents and purposes. Another punch might have been fatal. His seconds used good judgment. Shade took all the fighting out of the Buffalo youth from the tap of the first gong. Slats never had a lookin. He suffered the ignominy of three knockdowns while the crowd looked on dazed. Most of the customers couldn't believe their eyes.

From a contender for welterweight honors Shade leaped into fame and fortune. If the Buffalo promoters seek his services for a return match he will demand $25,000 guarantee.

They dug up Italian Joe Gans out of a grave, so to speak, to serve as a punching bag for Morrie Schlaiffer. Instead the ancient Brooklyn warhorse startled Gotham fistiana by trouncing the Omaha bearcat in twelve sizzling sessions, the night previous at the Dexter Park Stadium. Schlaiffer came here fresh from a knockout scored over the rough, tough Pete Latzo.

Morrie was a prohibitive favorite. The fact that he had given Mickey Walker his hardest fight in addition to the Latzo win made him stand out like a certain victor. He knocked Joe down for a short count in the early milling. This made Gans fight back all the harder. Schlaiffer was taken by surprise in the last six rounds by the uphill battle waged by his opponent. Joe came from behind to earn a merited victory.

King Solomon, labelled a Jewish heavyweight but who in reality is either a Greek or a Syrian, put Ad Stone out of the running for light heavyweight laurels by handing him a sound lacing at the Coney Island Stadium. Stone was almost signed to box Slattery but his unexpected defeat deprived him of $5,000 his "end" from the Italian Hospital show. The King stood up like a soldier under fire. He mixed his punches and to the surprise of the large gatnering beat Ad at his own game—hitting at close range. Solomon won under wraps. A week later he battered Tom Maxted from pillar to post.

On June 30, at the Coney Island arena, two more surprises were served to the patrons. They saw Basil Galiano, a New Orleans lightweight, knock the skids from under Archie Walker's legs in half a round, and Babe Herman, foremost contender for the featherweight championship, flatten Jose Lombardo after two minutes and ten seconds of furious milling in the tenth and last round. A terrific right cross turned the trick. Herman's decisive win boomed his stock for a shot at Louis (Kid) Kaplan, Lombardo substituted at the last minute for Edouard Mascart when the punch proof Frenchman took a run out powder. It was one of the best featherweight duels around these parts in a long time.

Midget Smith, west side gamester, may not be seen in action in some time. He received an unmerciful lacing at the hands of Charley Goodman, semi-final to Schlaiffer and Italian Gans. The Midget isn't half the fighter he used to be.

The only big shot to stand by his guns was Mike Ballerino. He successfully defended his junior lightweight laurel against Pepper Martin in fifteen spirited rounds, at the Queensboro Stadium, July 6.

In spite of being knocked down in one of the early rounds and subjected to a terrific beating Pep came from behind in the last eight stanzas and came near spilling the beans, as it were. When the announcer pointed to Ballerino as the winner the crowd booed the verdict roundly. In our opinion Mike did grab the "duke." A return match will pack any outdoor arena. It was a battle second to none for blood thirst fandom.

Two more titleholders staked their all against worthy opponents. In the space of a month and a half since he dethroned Mike McTigue, Paul Berlenback battled Young Marullo, at Dreamland Park, Newark, N. J., on July 13. Three nights later Charley (Phil) Rosenberg clashed with Eddie Shea, of Chicago, at the New York Velodrome.

Harry Greb, Harry Wills and Dave Shade emerged victorious over Mickey Walker, Charley Weinert and Jimmy Slattery, respectively, at the Polo Grounds, July 2. The first named retained his world's middleweight honors by earning the decision after fifteen furious rounds over the Jersey toy bulldog. The Brown Panther stowed away the rejuvenated Weinert in two rounds, and Shade ended Slattery's dream for the time being in less than three sessions. Jack Sharkey and Joe Lynch opened the fireworks in a four rounder which ended in a draw.

The gross receipts amounted to $339,040, less five percent State tax. The Italian Hospital Fund was enrichened by nearly $100,000, not counting the gravy coming from the movies and the souvenir programme. Fifty thousand or more dollars should accrue from these two items. According to treasurer A. A. Bertini 5,079 ringside tickets were sold at $20 each; 2,287 at $15; 11,631 at $10; 11,731 at $5, and 9,265 at $3. The fighters cut into the melon as follows:—Wills, 15 percent; Greb, 15; Walker, 10; Slattery, 5; up to $250,000; Weinert, 10; Shade $5,000 guarantee, and Sharkey and Lynch $1,500 apiece.

One of the biggest upsets of the year occurred when Morrie Schlaiffer, the Fighting Fool from Omaha, knocked out Pete Latzo in three rounds at Wilkes-Barre. Latzo gave Mickey Walker a tough argument. He beat Willie Harmon and Georgie Levine in his last two starts.

Schlaiffer looked very bad against Jack Rappaport in Newark about two months ago and was considered "all through." This victory should place Morrie at the head of the welterweight crop.

Joey Kaufman, Coney Island Flash, gained new glory when he stopped Carl Morris, of Long Branch, in the final road of their ten-round scrap at the Ocean View A. A. of Long Branch. Joey had fought the night previously at New Haven, where he battled to a draw with Collie Pleines, although he was credited with the victory in the New Haven newspapers.

Lew Karp, former amateur champion, celebrated his first professional bout with a victory over Sid Goldie, formerly of Syracuse, but now living in Brooklyn at the Ridgewood Grove. Karp impressed favorably in his debut.

Sig Keppen, the Beaver Falls candidate in the lightweight division, is doing fine work. He has a hustling manager in Eddie Walker. Eddie is a brother of Archie Walker, crack Freeport lightweight.

Jimmy Marsh, the little Napoleon of fistic managers, is handling the affairs of two flyweights, Benny Tell and Joey Eulo. Jimmy goes into ecstasy each time his boys win, but he is impartial in regard to their respective merits.

Nat Rogers, manager of the two Silver Brothers, Marty and Joey, has finally joined the ranks of the benedicts. This memorable event took place on June 25.

Those two human buzz-saws, Mickey Brown and Johnny Leonard, put up one of their hair-raising episodes at the Queensboro Stadium a few weeks ago. After ten rounds of cyclonic fighting, the decision was called a draw. Many attempts were made to rematch the pair.

Willie Harmon redeemed himself by trouncing Sergt. Sammy Baker, the Mitchell Field soldier, in the main event. Baker showed plenty of hitting ability and also showed that he isn't ready for the Harmon type of fighters yet.

Jerry Pelton has finally arrived with a good fighter. Having spent several years in the fistic racket trying to bring out a good man, Jerry has finally succeeded in his search. Andy De Vodi, a recent graduate of the amateurs is the man on whom Pelton rests his faith.

Andy is a cross between Sid Terris and Sammy Mandell and combines the essentials of both. Fast on his feet and possesed with the knowledge of a good jab and snappy right cross, he should be heard of shortly.

Murray Layton, clever East Side bantam, under the management of Al Weill and Charley Goldman, appears to have the makings of a future star. He easily defeated Babe Adams of Newark in a ten-round bout recently.

Tom Stanley, New York fight manager, has moved his activities to Cleveland. He reports that he is prospering far beyond expectations.

Tommy brought Larry Goldberg and Willie La Morte to the midwest city and both have already established themselves. La Morte surprised by easily whipping Tommy Hughes, the Detroit sensation, who held Amos (Kid) Carlin of New Orleans to a draw in a previous bout there.

Joe Lamar, a former Harlemite, who is now campaigning in the western states, will return here the latter part of August. Lamar is a tough junior lightweight and would like to hook up with Joey Silvers or Joe Glick when he returns.

Tony Travers, a younger brother of the more famous Mickey, a product of New Haven, Conn., has finally arrived in the top-notch class. Tony celebrated his debut in the headlines by whipping Georgie Day for the lightweight championship of Connecticut.

Tony is a tall, well set up individual, with a good, stiff left jab and a deadly right hand. Tony recently stopped Ruby Stein in four rounds for the first time in the latter's career. Tony is being tutored by Mickey.

MILWAUKEE NEWS
By FRED SADDY

Gov. John J. Blaine has signed the Chase amendment legalizing outdoor boxing in Wisconsin. The amendment to the present Hedding Boxing bill was endorsed by the various American Legion Posts in Wisconsin, the majority of whom at present conduct indoor contests under state supervision.

The Chase amendment was approved by the state athletic commission and the members of the American Boxing League, and received a vote of 64 to 2 in passing the senate.

Frank Kral, Cave man middleweight of Milwaukee, defeated Freeman Peppers of Sioux City, Iowa, in a fast ten-round battle at Waterloo, Iowa, recently. Kral, a real cave man, camps and lives out in the woods all year around. He has victories over Earl Blue and Sailor Clickner.

Walter Grayjack, local featherweight, kept up his winning streak when he defeated Henry Leonard at Peoria recently.

Richie Mitchell, the greatest fighter this city ever turned out is going to make a comeback. He has been working systematically for the past four months and to-day is in wonderful shape. The boy that came within one second of becoming lightweight champion, is certain that he can cope with the present crop of lightweights.

Richie is only 29 years of age, and every sport loving fan in Milwaukee will be pulling for him to make a successful comeback. Out of the game for the past year, Richie here, is as popular as he ever was in his career. He surely packs them in when he fights.

WITH STRIBLING ON TOUR
By JAY J. THOMAS

Over in Detroit, June 29, W. L. met his fifth opponent for the month of June in the person of Bud Gorman, one of the fastest and toughest heavies in the land and after ten torrid rounds, was awarded the verdict. The Georgia wonder, in beating Gorman, gave a very masterly exhibition of ringcraft.

On July 2 Stribling hopped over to East Chicago for Jim Mullen and rendered Johnny Risko of Cleveland as harmless as filtered water in ten rounds.

When the ten were up, Stribling was out in front a winner as sure as sunset. He slugged John until the dove of peace went into convulsions.

The big bus which carries the Striblings and party has been attracting more attention along the way than a blizzard in Hades. It looks like the parade of the Ringling Circus coming to town. It is buff colored and has a big sign painted on one side, "The Stribling Special" and on the other, "California, Here We Come."

It keeps Pa busy explaining all about it to the curious multitude that surrounds it every time it stops and Ma shooing the fair and fickle flappers away from Young Stribling. Babe has appeared on the cards with W. L. in every stop so far and his batting average is still 1,000.

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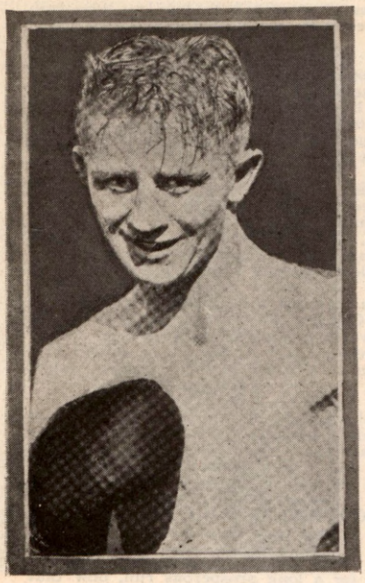
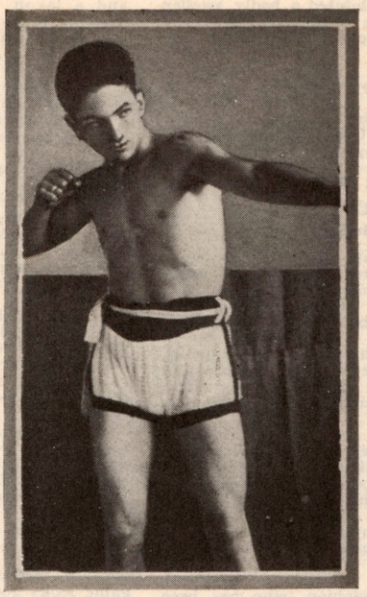
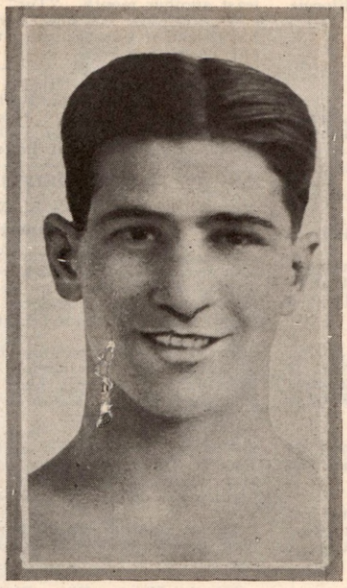


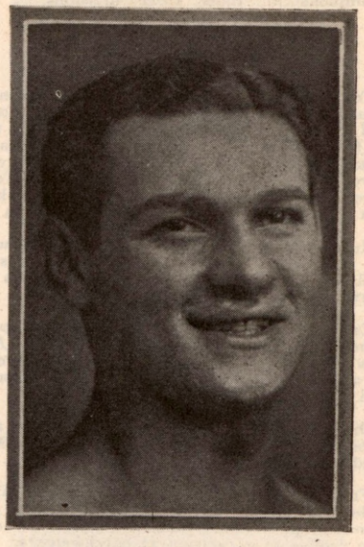
Ritchie King U. S. S. Maryland, claimant to featherweight championship of the United States Navy



Victor Barrett, a bantamweight from Portland, Oregon, who is doing much fighting



Joe Trabon, "Kansas City Flash," who is after the leading American featherweights



Billy Hirsch, veteran Chicago welterweight, who has fought the best in his class

IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA
By OTTO A. PETERS

Kid McCoy, pugilistic idol, will not be allowed to stage any boxing while a prisoner in the state penitentiary here, was a statement issued by Warden Frank J. Smith. Prison rules forbid boxing inside the walls, and McCoy is no exception, said the warden in calling off a reported match between the Kid and K. O. Kruosky.

The Lyceum A. C., home of the Saturday night boxing matches in Los Angeles, has staged its last mitt entertainment. Dick Donald, owner of the club, closed the Spring Street Arena. In the future it will be conducted solely as a gymnasium. Donald said he would move his club to Ascot Park where he has a lease to conduct boxing for another year.

Two high class Los Angeles welterweights, Spug Meyers and Alex Trambitas, came to San Bernardino on June 11 and fought a slow and uninteresting ten-round main event at the American Legion Club. Young Sallee took the decision over Angello Payo in the six-round semi-windup. Palo and Sallee battled at a fast pace and on even terms for five rounds but in the sixth the heavy body punishment dealt out by Sallee showed its effect.

Johnny Adams is a logger nowadays. He is high up in the San Berdoo Mountain doing some hard work in order to get himself in shape for a series of hard fights. Adams, in shape, is one of the greatest fighters we have seen for a long time, but he has a habit of neglecting his physical condition and then he gets beaten by an inferior boy. He says he has learned his lesson and is now working himself back in shape and will ask for a fight with Ace Hudkins.

"When I want to be in the best shape of my life. If he can beat me over the ten-round route when I am right, I want to see him do it. I don't think he can. For that matter when I am right, I will beat him," is the way Adams puts it.

Frank Merrick easily outpointed Joe Summers, Los Angeles heavyweight, in the ten-round main event of the American Legion card of May 28. Frank took every round by a big margin. On several occasions he had Summers in distress but could not put over the k.o. punch. The heavyweights opened the first round by boxing at a fast clip. Merrick outboxed Joe, although the Los Angeles chap showed a stubborn determination to carry the fight.

Eual Paul was given the decision over Phil Chaveq in the six-round semi-windup. Only in the final session did they do some real boxing, Paul being greatly superior.

Tod Morgan, Pacific Coast featherweight champion, plans to enter the chase for the lightweight championship vacated by Bennie Leonard, and according to his father and manager, Fred Morgan, Ted is going right out after Mandell, O'Brien, Hudkins and Salvadore.

The march of the lightweights to the throne vacated by Benny Leonard some time ago ended disastrously for two local prides when Phil Salvadore and Ace Hudkins went down to defeat before a crowd of 38,000 fans at Dick Donald's new Ascot Arena. Salvadore lost a ten-round decision to Sammy Mandell, the Illinois flash, while Tommy O'Brien, of New York, was awarded the nod over the Nebraska Wildcat on a foul in the fifth round of their scrap. It was the greatest fight show staged here in many years, and a tremendous crowd jammed the roads to Ascot hours before and after the battles.

The Trumpeter sounding the opening call at 8.25 o'clock and Dan Tobey announced the preliminaries between Young Sam Langford and Young Harry Wills, both colored, with Johnny Schiff as referee. Langford won the decision. Sammy Santos won the feature preliminary from Larry Murphy.

Mandell's wonderful condition and his shifty footwork had Salvadore in a bad way in the fourth round. Until this time the Pomona scrapper had actually led his eastern rival, but Sammy struck his stride and Phil never had a chance. A flashy straight left followed up by hard right hand punches spelled ruin for Phil. Sammy followed this style of attack time and time again and although Phil is supposed to be a star at catching his rivals when they are coming in, he was unable to spoil Sammy's party by any such tactics. Sammy rushed Phil from pillar to post in the closing rounds and had Phil groggy on several occasions.

The Hudkins-O'Brien affair ended so suddenly that the thousands of spectators booed at the decision Referee Toby Irwin of San Francisco handed down. The Nebraska Wildcat had chased his rival to his corner, and sank a terrific left which doubled Tommy. O'Brien rallied quickly and came to the center of the ring to swing lefts and rights to Ace's head. After backing up momentarily, Hudkins started one of his famous furious rushes and swept into O'Brien like an Illinois tornado. He swung with his left and the blow landed below O'Brien's belt. Referee Irwin thereupon stopped the bout, even though Tommy did not go to the canvas.

Ace was stunned, so was the crowd. Hudkins had been warned for hitting low in the earlier rounds. The blow which stopped the fight was not as low as some of the others. Tommy did not appeal to Irwin or make any sign that he was in distress. After sensing what had happened the crowd finally indulged in a chorus of boos, but most of them were so stunned that they didn't recover in time to go to church. Honors were about even before the fight ended. The collapse of the front press row just before the Hudkins scrap caused newspaper men considerable annoyance and spectators no end of fun.

Frank Merrick easily outpointed Joe Summers, Los Angeles heavyweight, in the ten-round main event of the American Legion card at San Bernardino recently. Merrick took every round by a good margin and on several occasions had Summers in distress.

Eual Paul of Oklahoma City was given the decision over Phil Chavez in the six-round semi-windup of that fight.

No wonder they say that Jimmy McGarnin belongs to a different era of fighters. He has something the others haven't. Little Jimmy may act from a natural intuition. No one understands it, possibly, except the quiet old gentleman—Uncle Charley Foster—his teacher.

Johnny Schiff, well known Los Angeles referee, today enlisted in the 160th Regiment, State Militia, and will be used as boxing instructor at the Del Monte Camp.

Recent fight results here follow:

Bud Taylor, Terre Haute, Ind., bantamweight, won by a knockout over Ernie Goozeman of San Diego in the seventh round of their scheduled ten-round fight. The fight ended when Goozeman's aids threw a towel into the ring after the San Diego boxer had undergone a terrific mauling.

Vic Morrison of San Francisco, 153 pounds, earned a cleancut decision over Tiger Johnnie Cline of Fresno, 152 pounds, in ten snappy rounds in the feature of the Sun Maid Athletic Club's card. Morrison registered his victory by effective use of a snappy right cross varied with a jarring left hook and a tantalizing left jab that wounded Cline's vanity when he was unable to avoid it.

Eddie McGovern, San Diego light-heavyweight, was given the decision over Young Franklin in a bloody ten-round bout.

LOS ANGELES NOTES
By BEN SONORA

Among recent visitors to Los Angeles were Paddy Mullins and Leo P Flynn, nationally known fight managers. Paddy Mullins was behind his boy, Tommy O'Brien, who won a foul from Ace Hudkins.

"Whitney" Long, a colored welterweight from Alabama, arrived in Los Angeles and joined Clyde Hudkins' stable of fighters which includes Ace Hudkins.

Jack Root, manager of the new Olympic Auditorium, announced that July 15th will be the opening show. There will be five six round bouts and each bout will be a main event.

Dick Hoppe, of Los Angeles, and Tommy Cello, of San Francisco, fought ten rounds at the Hollywood Arena, July 3.

Joe Benjamin, sensational California lightweight, is back in Los Angeles after a two-month stay in New York. Benjamin's last Pacific Coast fight was lost by a ten round decision to Ace Hudkins.

"Dutch" Meyers, manager of Bert Colima has left for New York. Meyers, however, will return in about two weeks and prepare Colima for his fight with Sailor Eddie Huffman, which will take place at the Vernon Ball Park on the evening of July 21.

Russie Le Roy and Billy Petrolle, accompanied by their manager, Jack Hurley, all of Fargo, North Dakota, are in Los Angeles. Le Roy claims two decisions over Ace Hudkins. Le Roy's debut at Doyle's Arena, June 23, against "Mushy" Callahan ended in the third round. Le Roy never had a chance. He was knocked down twice before going down for the final count. The sensation of the preliminaries was Billy Petrolle, Le Roy's stablemate. He proved a sensational fighter and won six straight rounds from a high class boy, Frankie Fink.

Bud Taylor, Terre Haute batamweight, has been a first class drawing card here. Taylor took a ten round decision over Jimmy McLarin. Jimmy had not lost a decision since he came to California from Washington. Taylor's next scrap was against Larry Lichenstein's classy featherweight, Ernie Goozeman. This bout was on schedule as a grudge fight. Taylor, however, proved to be Ernie's superior and Goozeman's second threw in the sponge in the seventh round.

Tad Morgan, claiment to the Pacific Coast featherweight title, defeated Stewart McLean in one of the greatest contests held at the Hollywood Stadium.

Los Angeles Boxing fans will witness some great fights during the month of July. Bert Colima, Sailor Eddie Huffman, Floyd Johnson, Jack Roper, brother of Captain Bob Roper, Fidel La Barba and others are booked.

The California Boxing Commission is working on a plan which, if successful, will lead up to new coast champions in the heavyweight, light-heavyweight and lightweight classes, it was revealed by Louis Almgren, San Diego member of the commission.

The commission intends to draw up a schedule of

bouts in a state-wide tournament to pick California champions in those three divisions.

COAST CHATTER
By JOE WATERMAN

Tod Morgan, Coast featherweight champion, continued his winning streak by taking Joe Gorman and Stewart McLean into camp during the month of June. The wise birds who thought that the frail looking Tod would falter over the ten-round route have another think coming, as "Hot Toddy" has taken part in four ten-round battles without a defeat since the new law went into effect in California.

Russ LeRoy, the North Dakota welterweight, got off to a tough start in California, Moses "Mushy" Callahan knocking him out in three rounds in Doyle's Vernon Arena.

Callahan, who about a year ago was a poor Jewish "sheet hustler" on the streets of Los Angeles, is now the talk of California fight fans. Three big ones in a row for "Moisha"—Dode Bercot, Spug Meyers and now LeRoy. Next?

Dick Donald went over big in his first attempt as a big time promoter. Donald drew $51,000 with his Hudkins-O'Brien, Mandell-Salvadore show.

Frank Churchill has signed Pancho Villa to box Fidel La Barba for the Tom Andrews-Jack Root combination in Los Anleges during July or August. Ten rounds to a decision at catchweights.

An Elks Show Milk Fund in the Seattle Baseball Park drew close to $5,000. In the feature bout, Leo Lomski gave Dago Joe Gans a bad beating.

Californians are booming Bud Taylor as one of the greatest bantamweights ever seen there. Taylor stuck a pin in the Jimmy McLarnin balloon, knocked out Ernie Goozeman and easily beat "Dynamite" Murphy. If Pancho Villa also beats McLarnin, a Bud Taylor-Pancho Villa battle will draw a record gate.

The big fight in the Pacific Northwest is the coming "Doc" Snell-Tod Morgan affair, which is expected to draw over the $10,000 mark in Seattle. Morgan and Snell, both products of the State of Washington, are bitter ring rivals, Morgan being the clever boxer, with Snell packing the heavy wallop.

Frank Churchill states that "Gig" Rooney has come out flatfooted and refused to let his featherweight, Jackie Fields, box Harry Wallach. The New York boy already holds one decision over Fields.

Bog Sage beat Jack Reddick in one of the greatest ring battles ever witnessed in a Vancouver, B. C., ring. A nine-count knockdown scored by Sage gave him the edge and the decision.

The game is on the boom in the Northwest. Open air arenas are drawing big crowds at Alan, Idaho, Seattle, Wash., and Butte, Montana. Georgie Marks and Dixie LaHood drew $7,000 in Butte last month.

Frankie Farren knocked Macario Villon cold in two rounds at San Francisco. Villon came highly touted from the Philippines, but Farren's left hook on the Filipino's chin cooled his ambitions for high ring honors in the United States.

Angel de la Cruz, a Filipino bantamweight who came with Villon, made a big hit with San Francisco fight fans in his first American bout. In fact, de la Cruz was a "riot."

"Dock" Snell has been signed for two fights in Montana, boxing Tommy Ryan at Butte on July 3 and Billy De Foe at Great Falls on July 24. Montana has 12 and 15-round bouts under commission supervision. Half the profits of the boxing shows in Montana go to disabled soldiers.

MISSISSIPPI GOSSIP
By HAROLD BUCKLEY

Bud Seymour, Biloxi featherweight, journeyed to New Orleans last month and gave the Crescent City fans a big surprise when he knocked out Bobby Higgins in seven rounds. Higgins had scored-fifteen knockout in seventeen starts and Seymour was looked upon a another victim, but proved otherwise. Seymour has been made several lucrative offers since this victory.

"Big Boy" Peterson, Kiln heavyweight, continued his winning streak last month when he knocked out Billy Gorman in five rounds in a fast bout. Gorman had the "Big Boy" on the floor twice, but could not keep him there. Peterson is about ready for bigger game. In another year he should make the leading heavyweights hustle.

Charlie Rodriquez, New Orleans featherweight, staged one of the greatest two-handed body attacks that the writer has ever seen when he defeated Ray Schaeffer in ten rounds in Biloxi last month. Rodriquez made an instant hit with that kind of milling and will be brought back sometime next month.

The Biloxi promoters have one of the toughest doorkeepers this side of the Mason-Dixon line in the person of "Chink" Fernandez. "One Eye" Connelly would have a hard task trying to crash past Fernandez.

"Tut" Seymour will be on the side lines for at least another month. "Tut" exhibited a badly swollen ear after his encounter with Battling Budd last month and it was necessary to call off several important engagements.

Earl Bascle, New Orleans flyweight, will meet the winner of the Pockie Lockie and Delos Williams bout the latter part of this month. Bascle will do his training along the Gulf Coast. He is of the opinion that they will be easy prey for him.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES
By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN
(The Evening Bulletin)

Tommy Loughran, the South Philadelphia light heavyweight learned with regret that Gene Tunney would not be able to go through with his bout. It seems that either Loughran or his opponents get injured just before important battles.

Dave Adelman, Sammy Hahn's clever youngster, is keeping in action during the summer months and will doubtless be very busy in the indoor campaign. The winner of the Cambria tournament next appears in West Manayunk.

Alex Hart pines for another meeting with Lew Tendler. Hart, who is looked after by Jimmy Dougherty, mingled with Tendler once and Lew gained the verdict but it was a good fight.

Young Buck Fleming is romping along on a winning streak, under the management of Harry Dolfuss.

Johnny Hayes, West Philadelphian, who has been inactive for several weeks, is training again and expects to get hooked up in an open air bout soon.

South Philadelphia, Chester and Leiperville negro boxing enthusiasts will back George Godfrey to the limit in his coming battle with Harry Wills. When in the east, Godfrey spends most of his time in Chester, which is only a few miles from Dougherty's training quarters at Leiperville.

Jimmy Coster has taken over the management of Ray Mitchell the South Philadelphia lightweight, the latter splitting with Tony Corrado.

Benny Bass, the Phil Glasman managed star, won his recent bout from Johnny Farr in Cleveland. Bass will be seen in several open air bouts before the summer is over.

Alex Bader, the former amateur champion, is about ready to jump into the professional ring. He was billed last winter but drew out and continued its amateur standing.

Pete Moran has outlined a number of bouts for Bobby Wolgast, his clever little fellow from Atlantic City. One of Wolgast's recent victories was over Jack West at the shore.

Jake Kauffman, University of Pennsylvania intercollegiate heavyweight champion the past season, has decided to remain an amateur, after training for more than a month under the watchful eye of Max (Boob Boo) Hoff. Kauffman's parents objected to him entering the professional ring and he has left for a summer camp in Maine to rest up.

NEW ENGLAND GOSSIP
COLMON J. NEE

The outdoor season in this section is now in full swing and the boxing fans can hie themselves to the "wide open spaces" and applaud the boys who flit under the ghastly glare of calcium. All the local promoters need do right now is to give the boys who pay the freight real good-on-the-level cards and cut out a lot of the "steam-ups" and they are sure to show a profit on the right side of the ledger.

The Jimmy Maloney-Jack Sharkey bout in aid of the American Legion Endowment Fund ushered in the outdoor season hereabouts. It was a "natural" between two local boys of proven ability and they attracted a gathering of thirty odd thousand, many of whom never witnessed a boxing contest before, and after all expenses were met over twenty-five thousand dollars were added to the Legion Fund.

The bout itself was a hummer for seven rounds, both boys put up a remarkable contest. Up to this time Sharkey's boxing gave him a slight shade, but in the eighth Sharkey went down four times, from Maloney's terrific body blows. Then the ninth and Maloney, quick to see his advantage gained in the previous round, rushed in to finish the job. He reached Sharkey with a hard right to the body and Sailor Jack dropped like a plummet. His seconds immediately started a cry of "foul" and the thirty thousand fans were in an uproar while Sharkey lay prone on the canvas.

The referee, Johnny Brassil, waved Maloney to his corner and awarded the bout to Sharkey on a foul. The sudden and unexpected ending of "New England's Battle of the Century" caused more arguments than the World War, and there will be absolutely no peace in this section until these boys meet again. With the referee's decision went the gold belt offered by the Legion to the winner. It has a value of $1,000.

The George Cook-Stribling bout was a tame affair replete with holding on the part of both boxers. It was a decided contrast to the main bout of the Legion show. Stribling was awarded the decision after ten sorrowful rounds. He appeared "stale" and a layoff should be in order. As for Cook his showing was dismal compared to his last two brilliant performances when he bested Bob Lawson and Jack Sharkey.

Joe Jawson, popular Western boy, and Tod Smith of Ohio met in the semi-final and saved the show with a bout that will linger long in the memories of those who witnessed it. Smith was given the decision which was a questionable one, as the majority of the fans thought dapper Joe was entitled to it.

Fred Wiederhold has matched Jimmy Manning, his flyweight star, with Al Rollinson, this year's national amateur flyweight champion. They will box for the Commercial A. C. of Boston. Fred has a giant heavyweight in training whom he intends to steer across the paths of the local heavies shortly.

Jim Toland has matched his bantam protege Harry Goldstein with Charley Ray who has been going great down Providence way. They will meet in the feature bout of the Bristol A. C., Rhode Island this month. Goldstein is a great little entertainer inside the hemp ropes.

Cecil Dodge, the popular Lowell promoter intends to start the outdoor season in the Spindle City this month. He has already tied up Honey Boy Finnegan, the great sailor boxer and Jimmy Murphy, Lowell lad for his first outdoor main bout.

FROM SOUTHWEST AND MEXICO
By Don Cee

Texas, is sure back on the boxing map and the game looks good for a long prosperous run, now that so many new cities and towns have opened to the sport.

The U. S. Army camps sprinkled over the Lone Star State have been a great factor in holding the game up and making boxing a paying proposition in the South West, besides turning out and developing some of the best Talent now boxing before the public.

Even in these hot summer months during the general depression all over the country, any good boxer can get into Texas, especially around San Antonio and find plenty work to keep him busy and pay him well.

Dixie, that well known bunch of states situated below the Mason Dixon line and otherwise known as the Southland, now has a new fly weight champion. The mythical Southern crown was lifted from the blond dome of Delos Kid Williams of Shreveport, Louisiana by kid Pancho Flores of San Francisco, Texas, the great little Mexican-American flyweight who recently returned to his Texas home from New York, because all the good flyweights of the East, Frankie Genaro, Al Brown, Jimmy Russo and even the then champion, Abe Goldstein, turned thumbs down on Pancho. The Kid Rancho Flores-Delos Kid Williams fifteen round battle for the Southern flyweight title at Baton Rouge, Louisiana, was a thriller from beginning to end.

Just one week after he had won the Southern flyweight title from Delos Williams, Kid Pancho Flores, took on another tough opponent in a fifteen round bout. This time, the little Mexican-American's victim was Louis Martin, one of the best bantamweights of New Orleans. Martin, never had a chance. He was pounded all over the ring.

Pancho Flores weighted 113¼ pounds and Louis Martin 116 at the ringside.

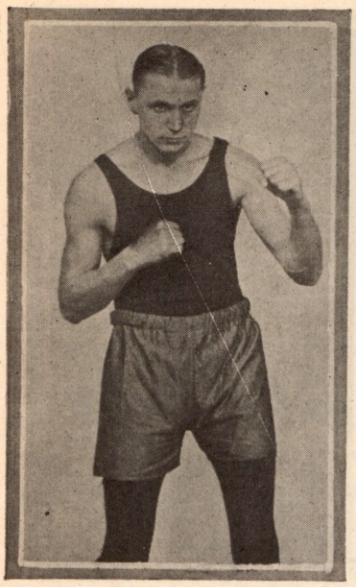
After Pancho's two decisive wins over Martin and Williams, his manager Don Curley, has been swamped with offers to have his little fellow appear in New Orleans, Baton Rouge, Apolouses and Shreveport rings, Curley will accept no offers to let his little champ fight any one who weights over 118 pounds ringside. And Amos Kid Carlin of New Orleans is one of the boys who refused to make 118 pounds ringside for the 112 pound Little Pancho Flores, who is affectionately called "The little wild cat's playmate" by his legion of friends in Texas and Mexico!

Chuck Burns, who left his home in Santone, Texas, a welterweight, several months ago to try his fortunes in the East, has returned with a lot of experience and about twenty pounds added weight. Chuck, will hereafter box as a middleweight and light heavy weight.

Johnny Merino, the little Italian featherweight, of Fort Sam Houston, Texas, is taking them on all sizes and weights. On June 25, Johnny won a great bout in twelve rounds to a decision at Fort Sam over Mercedes Montez, the tough Mexican lightweight who is the hero of the 52 round finish fight in Mexico City against Jimmy Dundee in 1922 (we believe the longest fight under the present rules of boxing with five ounce gloves, three minutes fighting and a minute for rest.) For his bout against Merino, Montez, weighed 136 pounds at three o'clock and Merino weighed 126½ pounds.

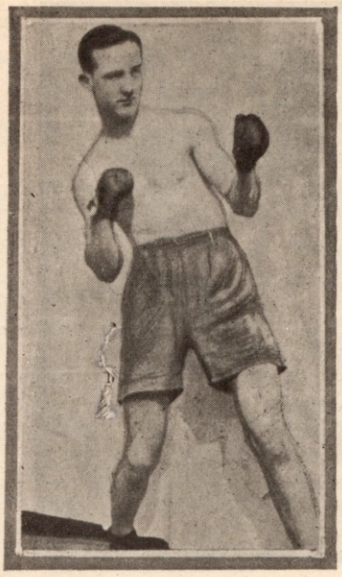
Johnny McCoy, the Cleveland bantam who has been making West Texas his home for the past six months, is going along great. He has been a consistent winner. McCoy, was returned a winner over the fiery little Mike Vasquez of El Paso at San Antonio in a late June fistic fiesta at Jack Shelton's Schaub Field open air arena. According to the press boys, McCoy, carried the majority of rounds by his cunning infighting.

Don Wofford, the Wichita Falls, Texas, promoter, is becoming noted for the many good attractions he has been consistently showing his patrons. He has the knack of matching fighters who fight.

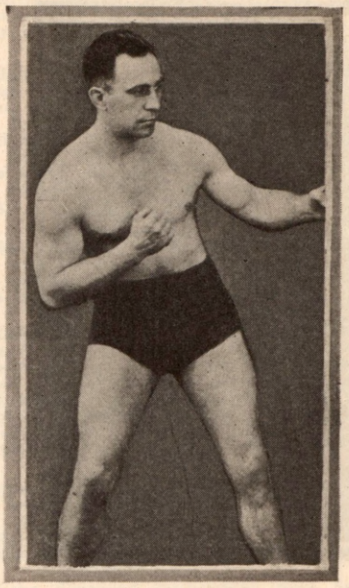


Charley Regan, New York middleweight, now on the Pacific Coast. He is making good

Jack Clifford, 116-lb. entry from Allentown, Pa., who is making good as a Penn. Entry



Henry Brooks, lightweight who shows promise. He hails from Allentown, Pa.



Joey Gill of Philadelphia, who has not been knocked out in 13 years as a boxer

FLORIDA EAST COAST NOTES

Miami boxing fans are enjoying some excellent encounters. Evidently Promoter Ed Douglass of the Magic City is striving to give the fans better shows for recently he staged some thrilling bouts. The Young Trevor-K. O. Hartley encounter recently staged, was one of the most exciting melees ever seen in a local ring. Trevor won by a kayo in the fifth after being on the verge of a knockout in the third stanza twice. A rematch is in the air for a future date.

Another new sensation among the little fellows in the person of Jimmy Day, a Miami youth, rose on the local fistic horizon. In Day's first time out he lost by a kayo to Ernie Head in the fifth round. Rematched, Day flattened Head in the first round. Day looms up as a promising bantie with a terrific punch.

Benny Touchstone, a heavyweight of these parts who was exploited by several managers, has shown his gratitude by leaving them holding the bag. Touchstone got enough out of his latest "angel" to go to California. It is hoped that Touchstone ties into a pilot who will put him under an iron-clad contract and halt his flighty tactics.

Red Taylor, the likeable Richmond, Va., lightweight, was recently seriously ill and in financial straits, but at one of the Miami shows the fans showed their appreciation by raising several hundred dollars to assist Red. Boxing fans can always be depended upon to assist the needy.

C. G. "Apples" Applegren, has gotten together a formidable bunch of nose denters. "Big Boy" Anderson of Tampa, a heavy; Dennis Briggs, a lightweight, and Jack Green, the Philadelphia welter, comprise the stable. Anderson is over six feet tall and goes well over 220 pounds. "Apples," former sport writer is keeping the aggregation in the money.

Hugh Martin, the Columbus, Ga., manager of "Boots" Antley, agreed that his protege would scale in at 130 pounds to mingle with Joe Cook of New Orleans at Miami recently, but when the time came to get on the scales Antley weighed 135 pounds. The result was Cook refused to concede such weight and the fans were disappointed. Cook took on K. O. Hartley and flattened him in two frames.

Joe Cook, the Crescent City battler, has all the ear marks of a great fighter, he hits short and sweet, a straight puncher. Cook is a protege of Happy Littleton, the former New Orleans fighter. As to his claims as the featherweight champion of the South, we are inclined to think such claims will be a detriment rather than an asset to Cook. The South is filled with so-called champions.

Jack Middleton, well known light heavy need never worry over securing bouts in the future. Middleton entered the real estate game in Miami and is going great, far better than he did in the boxing rackset. Jack is putting over some really big realty deals.

Dick Baker, idol of Miami boxing fans, is down to hard work again after several weeks' rest and will soon be again mingling with the fast 'uns.

Tampa, over on the west coast, gets in the going again after being silent for the past several months. On July 4, "Boots" Antley met Lew Silver.

It is probable that Tillie "Kid" Herman, the Pacific Coast welter, will journey to Miami during the coming fall and winter season. Herman is in communication with Duke Barry, well known Southern manager, to handle his business in Florida rings, should he make the leap.

Bogie Saab, the knock 'em dead puncher and a hot favorite with the Miami fans, met his first waterloo. Bogie, the Terrier of the South, dropped the duke recently in the Magic City.

A number of good battlers, including Battling Hood, Chuck Burman, K. O. Brown. Floyd and Ray Butler, Young Trevor, Jimmy Day, K. O. Pollock, Ernest Head, Teddy Taylor, Pussum Vernor, Jimmy Watts, Jimmy Fountaine and a host of others are striving to give the fans enjoyment. They are all performing in a creditable manner.

NEW ORLEANS GOSSIP
By CLIFF ABBO

The Louisiana State Boxing Commission upheld the fight managers here in a recent protest which they registered against fighters signing up with promoters when they have an authorized representative. It seems that Joe Matranga signed directly with the promoters and then refused to pay his manager's cut. The commission authorized Matranga to pay the cut. They also okeyed a contract which the manager signed for Matranga for a subsequent fight.

There has been quite an epidemic of fighters wanting to break contracts—the latest being Basil Galiano, who jumped Red Walsh and set sail for Gotham to place himself under the management of Sammy Goldman, who took Pete Herman away from Walsh.

Walsh has a contract for three years on Galiano and he has filed a protest with the New York Boxing Commission against Galiano and Goldman alike. Walsh alleges that Goldman wrote here and said he could break the contract on file in the New York Commission office.

What will come out of it is to be seen.

Johnny Cox got into a muddle with the Philadelphia Boxing Commission as well as the Louisiana body following a tangle subsequently by a fighter signing his own contract. It seems that Young Leonard, a fighter Cox handles, was signed to meet Joe Matranga here on June 26. Cox signed the contract and then left for Cincinnati.

Matranga, in a temperamental mood, turned in his card to the Louisiana State Boxing Commission and said he was through fighting. Promoter Edwards, in turn, notified Cox in Cincinnati.

Cox then got busy and closed a match for Leonard with K. O. Chaney in Philly on July 7.

In the meantime, Leonard signed up with the Young Men's Gymnastic Club to fight Matranga on July 4—Matranga likewise signed and got his card back from the commish.

Cox heard of the match and notified them that Leonard couldn't go through with it. The Louisiana commission decided that Leonard would have to fight or stand suspended. The Philadelphia commission, who have no working agreement with the Louisiana body, could do nothing in the matter.

Jack Lewis proved to the Louisiana commission that he was a fighter capable of meeting any in the 120-pound division, when he stopped Joe Overlascity in nine rounds. Overlascity beat Joe Matranga here and never before had been stopped.

Joe Matranga got the movie bug and started for the Pacific Coast.

Red Hill, after a retirement of a year, returned to the game and fought Jimmy Finley.

Dude Martinez is going great in his comeback, having scored four straight knockouts and eight decision wins since he started back.

Kid Koster seems to have taken on renewed life and has won four straight fights. He fought Charley Rodriguez in his last start.

Martin Burke was going along successfully in beating Floyd Johnson and Homer Smith. He injured his hand in the latter bout and had to call off several engagements.

Delos Williams and Louis Martin are the outstanding bantamweight contenders angling for a match with Amos Carlin.

Joe Lewis, protege of Red Walsh, threatens to give Joe Matranga a beating in the training camp where the latter was working for the Leonard fight and this may result in a match.

Promoter Frankie Edwards is angling for some of the big matches here this summer. He plans to show Tunney, Villa and several of the other champions in bouts with good opponents. A match between Charley Rosenberg and Amos Carlin is one planned.

NAVY CHAMPIONSHIPS
By TOM STEVENS
(THE RING Correspondent with Uncle Sam's Pacific Fleet)

Pearl Harbor, Hawaii.—Ritchie King won the lightweight championship of the Navy by virtue of his sixth round knockout of Jimmy Ryan of the Atlantic Fleet before a crowd of 15,000 sailors of the Pacific and Atlantic Fleets. The bout, which created more enthusiasm than any event of its kind in the service, was a riot of action with both boys heavily backed by their shipmates. The large gathering of newspaper representatives who are making the trip to Australia with the combined fleets expressed their opinion that King is a pocket edition of the great Benny Leonard.

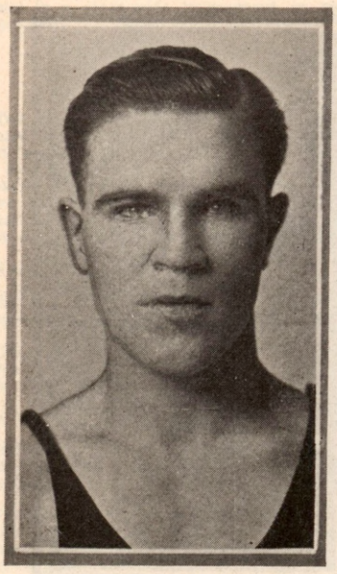
Coming out of his corner at the beginning of the sixth and final round King shot a right over the heart and as Ryan sagged, the West Coast sailor shot a left hook and Ryan went down for the fatal "ten."

Paddy Mullen lost the featherweight honors to Frankie Constantine in a six-round tilt. The latter won by experience. Mullen proved to be the most aggressive of the two.

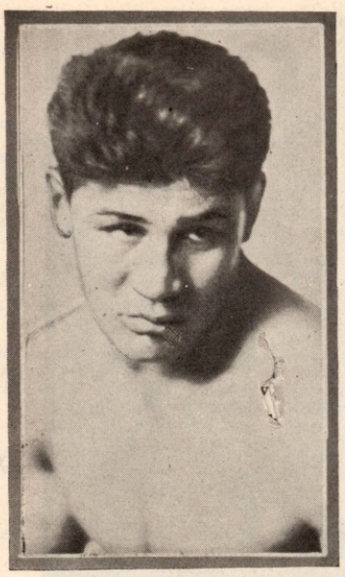
Sailor Thode won the welterweight belt after a six-round session with Slivinski of the Wyoming. Zedick, the light-heavyweight of the flagship California, had to go an extra round to win from Augustine of the Seattle. Jim Sigmund, managed by Jimmy Johnston, won the heavyweight honors by taking a questionable nod from Ted Snyder.

Joe Lally of the Seattle brought another trophy to the Broadway boys when he copped the middleweight affair. Navarro, the Filipino, grabbed the flyweight title when he won from Grande of the Texas.

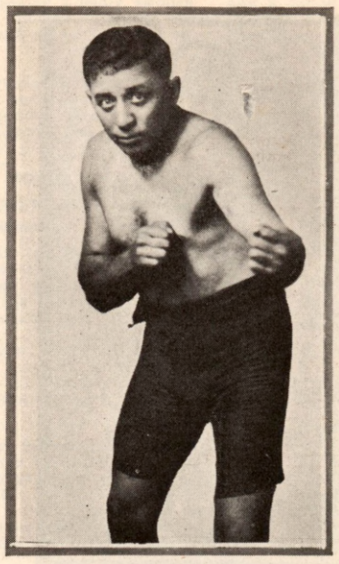
The biggest crowd that has ever attended a boxing event in the history of Hawaii turned out en masse to see the King-Ryan fight. Both boys, heavily backed, were under a severe strain. King, one of the most popular boxers in California when the fleet dropped its anchors in the Sunshine State, was the short ender in the betting until the bout progressed, but became the favorite after the fourth round after he staggered Ryan several times and was leading. The finish came unexpected, although King would have won on points.



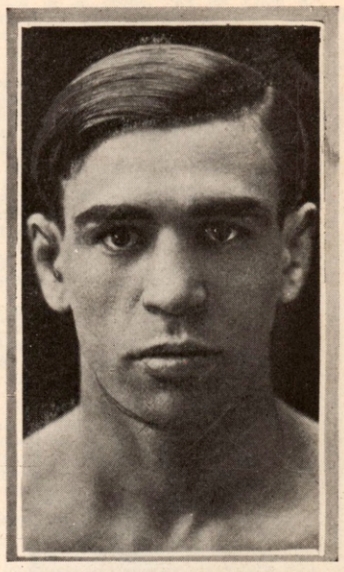
Vic Foley, recognized bantamweight champ of Canada



Clemente Saavadra, game and aggressive Chilian heavyweight



Mickey McDonough, promising lightweight aspirant from Philly



Battling Mack, veteran bantam campaigner, who resides in Camden, New Jersey

IN AND AROUND DETROIT

By JIM SULLIVAN

Things are not so bright for the mitt slingers in the Motor City. There has not been a show since the Greb and Rojas fight. The little town of Pontiac has been putting on a few shows and drawing good houses.

Johnny Webber put the slug on Battling Berry in the fourth round at one fight. It was a good bout while it lasted, with Webber winning all the way.

Mel Jorgensen, the tough Escanaba Swede, gave Bernie Tremaine a good fight and won by a shade. This was a very good fight, and if Tremaine had not broken his hand there might be a different story to tell.

Al Myers met Joe Tremaine in the semi-winders. Myers was too smart and fast and clever for the cunning Tremaine, and took the popular decision. Myers is regarded as one of the best prospects seen in Detroit in recent years. The opening bout brought together Jack Frisse, the Northwestern High School boy, and Lefty Katz. This bout ended with honors even.

Al Myers beat Kid Buck at Battle Creek. This was a fast ten three-minute-round fight with Myers winning all the way.

Buck is a southpaw and a hard bird to fight. It took the fast thinking Myers about two rounds to solve the curious Buck, and from then it was plain that Buck was a beaten boy.

Phil McGraw, Detroit junior lightweight, who stopped Johnn Horveth of Cleveland in eight rounds at the Toledo A. C., at Toledo, Ohio, may soon fight Mike Ballerina, Kid Sullivan, Jimmy Goodrich, or Rocky Kansas. Ad Thatcher is trying to arrange a contest. Fight fans will pay to see Phil in action with any of the above named, as he won three fights, two by K. O.

MAINE NOTES

By R. A. WEATHERBEE

The unstable Maine featherweight situation has undergone another complete change in the last month. Jimmy (Kid) Rice, to celebrate the finishing of his High School course, regained the title by beating Lou Lambert in a torrid six-round bout at Portland.

Lambert kayoed the tough but easy to hit Jimmy Wilde of New Bedford in the second.

Lou Bedell lost the rubber six-rounder to Newport Johnny Brown, but held the outsider to a close margin.

Steve Travers of Biddeford suffered his first K. O. in nearly 400 battles when Joey Ross of Lynn dropped him in one round at Portland, June 15. Young Harry Wills of Bangor started his comeback by defeating Larry Walsh and Panama Kid at Sangerville.

Meanwhile, Tommy Fleurant of Biddeford, who has kayoed Rice and beat Ross, remains on the outside looking in.

In spite of a right mitt broken two nights before, Chick Suggs, world's colored bantam champion, decisively outpointed Johnny Vestri of Brooklyn at Bangor. A scant 600 fans saw the masterly exhibition. Although Dunc McDonald, promoter, lost money for the fourth time in succession, he immediately applied for another license.

One of the most promising of the younger set is Luther (Kid) Stanchfield of Milo, managed by R. I. Woods, Brownsville Junction's enterprising promoter. For such a fast boy, this tall featherweight hits extremely hard, as his fine string of knockouts will testify.

Jeff Smith and Bob Lawson made such a poor fight in Portland that Referee Tom Breen stopped the bout after the fans had staggered through eleven rounds. Smith did what little fighting there was, and in view of his past reputation, Matchmaker Charles Loring paid him in full. The Eastern A. C., the promoters, showed good sportsmanship in doing this.

When Cyclone St. Louis, Old Town welter, left the ring after handing Cannonball Cote of Lewiston a terrific beating in six rounds, Bangor fans gave him an ovation that would have made a champion envious. He is the most popular boy to fight here in many months and showed great improvement in this his eleventh bout. Big things ahead for St. Louis.

Tony Mandell, the Worcester Firecracker, returned to Bangor on June 22 and knocked out Bobby Ruttenburg, a Leo P. Flynn boy, in eight furious rounds. Tony dropped Bobby with a right to the body in the last of the eighth. The referee refused to recognize the claim of foul and Robert failed to show up for the ninth. Mandell's manager, Mike Criss, offered to meet Ruttenburg again for nothing but glory.

In the semi-final, one Johnny Ryan of Boston kayoed our own Tommy Fleurant in just eight seconds. Tommy took it all very much to heart. He cried like a kid while he begged for a return bout. It was a tough break for Tommy, who is as clean and game a fighter as they make 'em.

The Veterns of Foreign Wars is soon to promote a series of amateur tourneys, something new for these parts, in Bangor. The 112, 118 and 126-pounders will show first. John Jameson of 40½ Court St. is handling the entries.

OKLAHOMA JOTTINGS

By W. H. TROTTER

Although the last Oklahoma legislature failed to pass the boxing bill, the game is going pretty well under the antiquated law we have had for some time.

There seems to be more action in Oklahoma City than elsewhere, with Lou Cutler doing most of the promoting, though the Broadway A. C. and Nate Jackson have been putting on an occasional card.

Arch Cooper, 158-pounder, seems to be about Oklahoma's best now and is coming along rapidly as is shown by the way he has beaten such boys as Yeinie Hendricks, Speedy Sparks, Jack Matlock and others of lesser note. After being kayoed by Matlock in four rounds, he came back and gave Matlock one of the worst beatings ever handed out in an klahoma City ring, knocking Matlock down for the first time in more than 300 fights, though he had fought Mike O'Dowd, Jack Malone, Tommy Robson and scores of lesser lights.

Several of the smaller towns are having good shows also, among them being Ponca City, Blackwell, Enid, Drumright and others. Most of them are putting on July 4 cards.

Jack Britton, former welter champ, and Warnie Smith are both booked to fight Arch Cooper before the outdoor season is over, though Warnie may run out again as he has done before.

Some of the Oklahoma boys who will be in action right soon are Brad Simmons, negro heavyweight; Warnie Smith, Arch Cooper and Jack Matlock, middleweights; Bobby Vincent, Jimmie Owens, Jack Swan, lightweights; Donald Green, Kid Huff, Frankie Osner, feathers; Huke Duval, Norba Vance, Kid Cole, Mutt McKu, bantams. They are good workers and are being kept busy.

BOXING NEWS OF EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA

By J. AUSTEN SHAY

Johnny Gill, veteran middleweight of York, lost to Jimmy Slattery in a slow eight-round fight at Boston. Gill was floored for a short count in the fourth round.

Indian Russell of Harrisburg held Eddie Covington, colored flyweight battler of Philadelphia, to a draw in an eight-round scrap at Atlantic City. Two weeks later Russell lost the decision to Johnny (Kid) Lewis at Norristown in eight furious rounds.

Eddie Ochs, Lancaster featherweight, has hung up his gloves and quit the fight game since his K. O. defeat by Al Gordan of Philadelphia last month. Eddie was one of the best fighters Lancaster had turned out for some time. He shouldn't be discouraged, as he is young and is far from being through.

Rosey Stoy, Lancaster bantam, added another victory to his list when he gave Spencer Gardner of New York a lacing in eight rounds at Lancaster.

Joe McCabe of Lancaster and Johnny Hayes of Philadelphia battled to a draw in the eight-round semi-final, while Harry (Kid) Ross, Lancaster welterweight, put the skids under Al Fox of Philadelphia in the second round.

Tim Droney of Lancaster is like wine. He seems to improve with age. A few years ago Tim was one of the best lightweights in the game. He has battled Benny Leonard, Lew Tendler and many other good boys and always has given a good account of himself. His next fight will be with the rugged Jimmy McDonough of Philadelphia in a ten-round wind-up at Lebanon, Pa., for the benefit of the City Police Pension Fund.

Dick Curtin, lightweight scrapper of Lebanon, is training hard for his coming fight with Jackie Jacomis of York, Pa.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES

By JOHNNY HINES

Tommy (Kid) Murphy hammered Babe Herman all over the ring at Providence, R. I., only to have the decision given against him. All three Providence papers credit Murphy with winning. They were united in their opinions in declaring that Murphy had clinched nine out of ten rounds.

Emil Paluso's Sheik-like features were marred considerably following his last bout here with Johanny Brennan, Trenton's leading flyweight.

Brennan handled Paluso with the ease of a champion, while administering a sound boxing lesson. Paluso was on the receiving end of a two-handed trimming. Brennan discolored both his eyes, puffed his ear, and split Emil's lips. Brennan was unmarked.

Tommy West, Trenton's Berlenbach, who has figured in two sensational bouts with Maxie Rosenbloom, has gone back into training after getting a much needed rest. Previous to the Rosenbloom battle, West had scored twelve straight K. O.'s, which explains the monicker, Trenton's Berlenbach.

Ansell Bell's return from the Australian Islands was marked by a decisive trimming at the hands of Philadelphia Tommy Murray.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA NEWS
By J. D. BECK

Western Pennsylvania towns are certainly in for a busy season of boxing, if plans of certain promoters do not miscarry.

Braddock Elks are planning to run another show, and probably several of them, at the Edgar Thompson Park this summer.

Charleroi also will revive boxing. Matt Buchanan, brother of Jim Buchanan, who manages Willie Davies, has secured a license and intends to put on a few attraction before the indoor season is ushered in.

Red Chapman, Boston featherweight, has been mixing business with pleasure the last few weeks. While visiting his uncle in Pittsburgh, he intends landing a few good bout with the leading featherweights of this district.

Jack Zivic, the Pittsburgh Bearcat, made a great hit with the Philadelphia fans with his losing battle with Lew Tendler at Shibe Park, and they want to see more of him. He will probably be brought back to meet Bobby Barrett, Nate Goldman, or some other good welter.

Duquesne has a good little junior feather in Bobby Young, who was going like a house afire until he met with a bone injury that laid him up for a few months. He is a sturdy little fellow with a punch in either mit, and never fails to give the fans a thrill by his sensational whirlwind attack. He is out to defy the leading boys of this district at his weight.

Bobby Stone, Wilmerding flyweight, has decided to cast his lot with the professionals. Bobby is a clever lad and with the proper handling he surely will be heard from in the near future.

There is much likelihood of a return bout between Jack Zivic and Cuddy Demarco. It will no doubt be held at Forbes Field this summer, or Johnny McGarvey may hold it off as his reopening show at Motor Square Garden in the fall.

Paddy Boo Ryan, local welter, has returned here from the East. Paddy is under the wings of Jimmy Bronson, New York.

Homestead has quite a few good boys. Hughey Manson, in particular, fighting at 108 pounds. Manson has met and defeated some of the best flyweights in this district, is ever in good condition, and a pleasing fighter.

Mike Harding, the Northside fight manager, has a good lad in Kid Carpentier. Carpentier was easily the best drawing prelim boy in this district until he suffered a bad ear in one of his bouts last winter. He has not done much recently, but expects to be back before long.

Lawrenceville, the home of the Zivics, Jack and Pete, certainly has the rep. of turning out some mighty good boys. The latest of the lot that looks promising is Joe Novak, lightweight, and is handled by Lew Carney. Carney expects to have Novak fighting the best boys shortly.

Regis Burke, fighting his best at 110 pounds, also is a product of Lawrenceville. He is about the best little boxer this district has turned out in a long time.

Bernard Kelly, McKeesport fight manager, has deserted his home town for Warren, Ohio, where he expects to run shows semi-monthly.

Joe Mannah, West African, who claims a string of fourteen consecutive knockouts, is in this district. Joe has fought most of his battles at Moyambo, Lagor and Sierre Leone, West Africa. He has also fought at Altoona, Harrisburg and Clearfield. Joe is craving to meet the best, whom, he claims, are not tough enough for him. He is a former stablemate of Indian Russell of Harrisburg.

Tommy Ryan, Duquesne bantam, is sojourning in California. Tommy has fought and made his reputation in McKeesport and is always welcome in the old town.

Cuddy Demarco, the Charleroi Sheik, lost a close decision to Eddie (Kid) Wagner at Philadelphia. Cuddy will no doubt get another chance to meet him again before a local club.

Wee Willie Davies, Charleroi flyweight, gained a ten-round decision over Davy Adelman at Charleroi, winning the Pennsylvania flyweight title.

CLEVELAND BOXING CHATTER
By JERRY SACHS

According to figures published by the local newspapers, Cleveland is the second best boxing town in the country to-day, New York is the only city to draw more money into the promoters' hands. Shows are run every week at two of the best open air arenas in this section.

Al Corbett, the best "looking" fighter in or out of the ring here to-day is by far the best local drawing card. In his last three fights with Benny Gershey, Eduard Mascart and Red Chapman, Corbett drew $63,000 into the house.

Returning from the Pacific Coast where he was very successful, Johnny Farr, the Italian strong man, met Danny Kramer here June 30 and the sport writers disagreed on the winner. Some gave it to Farr and others wrote that Kramer was the winner. Anyway it was a good match and no doubt the boys will meet again.

Charley Babik, who hails from Willoughby, Ohio, is a flyweight who will bear watching in the future. He has already won seven fights in a row and is improving with every start.

Cleveland boxing fans will be treated to some high class matches this summer. Some of the bouts to be offered at popular prices are as follows: Gene Tunney vs. Sully Montgomery; Al Corbett vs. Kid Kaplan; Tiger Flowers vs. Young Marullo; Mickey Walker vs. Jock Malone; Jimmy Slattery vs. Jack Delaney; Al Corbett vs. Mike Ballerino, and Carl Tremaine vs. Pancho Villa.

Matt Hinkel, most popular referee in the Middlewest, has passed the 60-year mark. He has been refereeing for the past forty years. Hinkel trains for his work the same as a boxer does. Matt has a fully equipped gym in his room at the Hollenden Hotel where he resides.

The undefeated, retired lightweight champion, Jack McAuliffe, was a visitor here for one week. He played the Hippodrome and was greeted by capacity houses at every performance. McAuliffe "covered" the Al Corbett-Red Chapman match for the Cleveland Press.

Johnny Klesch, Ohio middleweight contender, will meet Johnny Gill some time during August at Lancaster, Pa. Klesch has fought all the topnotchers in his class and has been dubbed "the Babe Ruth of the ring." His sensational fights with Jimmy Slattery and his two with Young Stribling are still the talk of the fans who saw them.

Returning from a successful invasion of the Middlewest, Jimmy Shevlin, Cincinnati lightweight, is again located in Cleveland. Indianapolis promoters expect to use him against Joe Glick, as Shevlin won from Happy Hieb in his last bout there in June. Jimmy has met boys like Alex Hart, Billy McCann, Pete Latzo, Bud Christiano, Clyde Jekyll and others.

There is a rumor along the fistic Rialto that Dunn Field will again be the scene of future fighting. This is by far the best spot to conduct shows as it is centrally located in Cleveland. The other bowls are in the suburbs.

The Stribling family, Pa, Ma and W. L., passed through here on their way to Chicago where Young Stribby met Johnny Risko, local heavyweight.

INDIANAPOLIS AND INDIANA
By NOBLE "KID" CHISMAN

Chuck Wiggins, Indianapolis contender for the world's light heavyweight championship, left for northern Michigan where he is training daily with his sparring partners at his open air training camp. Chick holds the heavyweight championship of Australia. While there he defeated George Cook and many others.

Jack Reynolds of Muncie, decisively beat Irish Patsy Kline of Cincinnati in a ten round bout that was full of action at the Armory in Muncie, Indiana, June 1.

In an all-star card stage at Ft. Benjamin Harrison, June 2, Joe Pagalina, Kentucky featherweight champion and Merle Alte, Indiana featherweight champ, boxed a ten-round draw. Pagalina is the boy who stopped Frankie Garcia, the U. S. Army champion at Louisville.

Maxie Epstein had two ribs broken in the first round of his six round bout with Royal Cox, the Brightwood flash, but he fought gamely on through the whole fight. Cox got the decision but if it hadn't been for his broken ribs, Maxie might have got a draw.

Allan Watson, bantamweight, got a shade over Eddie Roberts, flyweight in 4 rounds of give and take. Put Cox, brother of Royal and Jazzy Fenson, boxed a draw. They are paperweights.

Tiny Minick, bantamweight from Dayton, Ohio, is here. He just arrived from the west coast where he met Don "Tenor" Long, Pee Wee Jenson and Young Rayfield. Tiny has also met and defeated William Sullivan, Eddie Mack and Jimmy Riley. Negotiations are on for bouts with Happy Atherton, Don Carson or "Midget" Mike O'Dowd.

Cowboy Padgett, the Colorado welterweight star, arrived here on June 6, with boots, a two gallon stetson sombrero and a flaming colored shirt and started training for his bout with Frankie Welsh by riding bucking hores at Ft. Harrison. Lieut. H. D. Porter gave him permission to use the rifle range to shoot at clay pigeons. He has met Jack Britton, Mickey Walker, Warnie Smith, Bob Sage and many other top-notchers. He worked out at the Arcade gym with Abe Kabakoff, Mike Mitchell and Carl Schmedal.

Maxie Epstein, newsboy sensation, is going under the management of Sam Jordan of Toledo. His brother Solly is making a successful comeback.

Action galore was dished out for the 4,000 fight fans at Lieut. H. D. Porter's fistic carnival at the Fort Harrison arena, June 9. In the main bout of ten rounds, Frankie Welsh of Chicago received the referee's decision over Cowboy Padgett, welterweight of Dolores, Colo. The decision was unpopular with most of the fans as the Cowboy did most of the leading and boring in. Welsh was content to clinch and cover up.

Irish Mickey Cone, flyweight of Kokomo, received the decision over Jimmy Sayres of Lafayette in the semi-final of eight rounds in a bout that made a solid hit with the fans. It should have been a draw.

Marion Kepner, welterweight, broke Kid Marlin's nose and knocked him out in the first round of a six-round bout. Carl Schmadel, Brightwood featherweight, beat Ernie Groves to a solar plexus punch and knocked him out in the fourth round. It was a good fight while it lasted. Eddie Roberts, bantamweight, stopped Soldier Lefty Helms in the second round with a smack on the button.

Kid Sullivan, lightweight, got a shade over Kid Chasman in four rounds. Abe Kabakoff of Memphis, Tenn., who has only had two fights since he laid off a year ago on account of a broken hand, is back in shape again ready to meet the best of them.

Johnny Risko, Cleveland heavyweight, gave Andy "Butch" Carr of Toledo, a fearful beating at the Fort Harrison arena, June 16th. Carr's seconds threw in the towel to save him further punishment in the eighth round, Risko gaining a technical k. o.

Jack Darry, featherweight of Toledo, and "Spider" Lewis of Ft. Thomas, Ky., went eight rounds to a draw in the semi-final. "Kid" Chisman, lightweight of Indianapolis, defeated "Kid" Sullivan in a slashing six-round bout. "Rip" Wilson, lightweight, defeated Eddie Smith in six rounds in one of the best bouts of the evening. Oscar Gardner and "Red" Clark, welterweights, went six rounds to a draw.

Indiana has quite a few prospects for titles at present. There is "Chuck" Wiggins, light heavyweight contender, who can dance circles around many good men. Roy Wallace of Brightwood and Pinkey Crosby of Franklin are the middleweight contenders. Ray Hahn, Sidney Glick and Jackie Barnhart are the lightweights. Bud Taylor of Terre Haute, who recently k. o. Ernie Goozeman on the Pacific Coast, is the bantamweight. "Happy" Atherton, Mickey Cone and Jimmy Sayres are the flyweights. Merle Alte, Jack Reynolds and "Battling" Fields are the featherweights.

The largest crowd of the outdoor season, visited the Moonlight Arena at Ft. Ben Harrison, June 23rd to see the weekly glove show. Ray Hahn of Indianapolis smashed his way to victory over Tommy Milton of Toledo, in one of the features and Eddie Dyer of Terre Haute was awarded the decision over Sidney Glick, Indianapolis, in the other main attraction.

Referee Grammell's verdict in the Dyer-Glick scrap failed to meet with the approval of many fans, who thought Glick entitled to a draw or even a shade.

Farmer Joe Cooper, Midwest Lightweight Champion of West York, Ill., and Louie Lavelle of Anderson fought ten fast rounds to a draw at the Yorktown Ball Park in Muncie, Ind. June 29th.

Jack Reynolds of Muncie and Young Russo of Dayton went eight rounds to a draw in the semi-final.

Tommy Irvine, star welter of Nate Farb's stable boxed a ten round draw with Lester Martin of St. Louis at Evansville, Ind., June 25th.

The boxing arena at Ft. Ben Harrison was packed to capacity Tuesday night June 30. Eddie Shea, Chicago's challenger for the bantam crown and Tony Marino, Brooklyn, N. Y. fought the main go. Shea dropped Marino four times in two rounds, for counts of nine, but every time he got up Marino came back fighting. Shea dropped him again in the third and Referee Grammell stopped the fight to save the game Tony further punishment.

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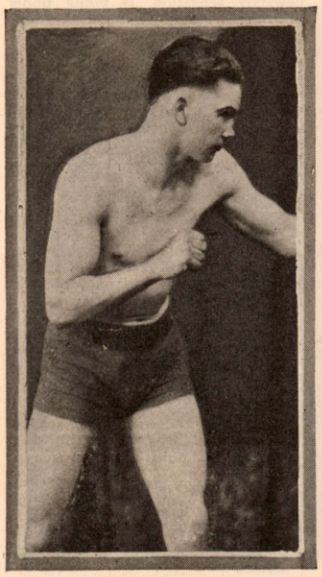
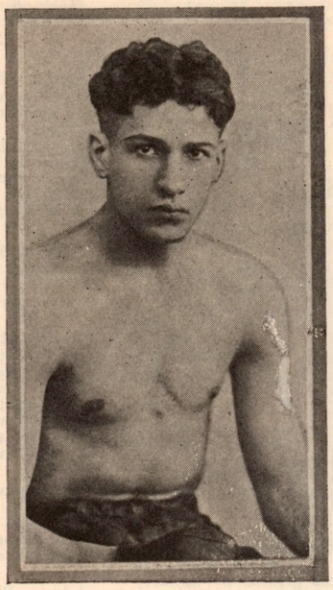
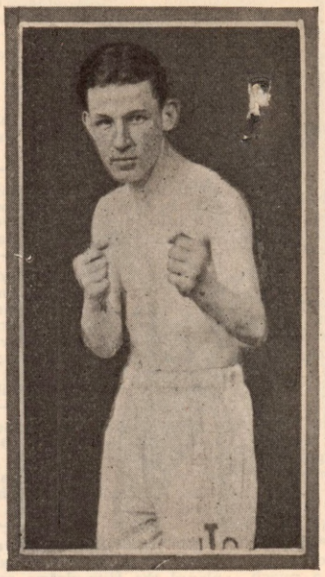


Mickey Burns, Orville, Ohio, lightweight, who is challenging the lightweights of Ohio



Andy De Vodi, developed in the amateur ranks of New York City.



"Irish" Johnny Staggy, bantamweight of promise, who hails from Jersey City

Battling Shanghai, a knockout artist from the U. S. Navy, now located at Minneapolis

BUFFALO BOXING NOTES
By HUGH SHANNON

Art Weygand, Buffalo's young southpaw middleweight, defeated Battling Siki, Singular Senegalese, in the main bout of six rounds at the Buffalo baseball park on June 29. The show was staged under the auspices of the Velodrome Athletic Club and ushered in the open air boxing season in this city.

Weygand showed absolutely no respect for Siki and the international reputation enjoyed by the apeman from Africa. The East Side German boy just went at Siki and outboxed him in practically every round. Art had the black man in bad shape once or twice but Siki, wonderful at recuperation, came back strong and battled or clowned his way through every round. Siki is a long way from being a topnotch performer, but the battler is certainly a drawing card. Close to 6,500 fans paid nearly $10,000 to witness the scraps.

Weygand has been carried along nicely by Manager Vince Plunkett, a newcomer in the boxing game but a smart business man. Mr. Plunkett has great faith in the young southpaw and believes Art will give Jimmy Slattery fits when they meet. Right now Plunkett isn't foolish and knows Slattery is far too good for Weygand but he is looking forward to next year when Weygand will be stronger, a better hitter and instilled with more confidence.

Tommy Ryan, Buffalo bantam, has been going good in the far west and on the Pacific Coast. Ryan won the newspaper decision over Mickey O'Donnell of San Francisco in Butte, Mont., and also got the award over Georgie Rivers at Hollywood by the Hollywood sport writers.

Young Nationalista, Filipino bantam, was given an undeserved decision over Ryan, according to Bert Finch, Buffalo manager, who handled Ryan in the west for Hughie Shannon, manager of Ryan, who was unable to make the trip. Ryan will fight two more bouts on the Pacific Coast before returning home. Tommy is to box Carl Tremaine in Buffalo soon.

Frankie Schoell, Buffalo's crack welterweight, is also back from the Coast. Frankie made the mistake of beating Oakland Jimmy Duffy, Bob Sage and others in handy fashion. This scared Bert Colima and Duffy away from him and Frankie lost out on some big shots. Schoell punched Duffy full of holes in their ten-round scrap. It was Frankie's first shot on the Coast and he showed the natives plenty of real boxing. Duffy and Schoell, in a return match, would have drawn plenty but Duffy decided once was enough.

Schoell is now after a crack at Mickey Walker or Dave Shade. He is not amiss to fighting middleweights and is open to box any one at 147 to 160 pounds.

Bobby Tracey and Johnny Sacco, both lightweights, who were with Manager Finch in the west, are also back home. Both fighters did well on the trip, winning practically all their matches.

Jimmy Slattery continues to "bowl 'em over." The young Irishman from Buffalo's first ward is winning steadily and in his last three bouts won from Johnny Gill, Billy Conley and Jack Burke. Gill gave Slats the most trouble at Boston and wants a return match with Jimmy. He will probably get his wish soon.

Slattery is scheduled to box Jock Malone at the baseball park here on July 13. The bout will be under the auspices of the Queensberry A. C.

Eddie Welsh, South Bend middleweight, is doing well here. Eddie lost to Jack Oakes, negro welterweight, in their first bout and then turned around and defeated Oakes in a great bout. Following this up Welsh knocked out Bob Gibbs of Ernie Jaggard's stable, in two rounds on the same card with Weygand-Siki.

Rocky Fiori of Denver, a bantamweight, is also making Buffalo his headquarters. Rocky boxed a draw with Johnny McGreggor at Niagara Falls on June 25. Fiori is in line for some good bouts around here soon.

Jimmie Mack is keeping Frankie Dean busy. Dean boxed Ray Graham at Warren, June 24; Charlie Miller at St. Marys, Pa., July 4 and is slated to meet a good lightweight at Ithaca late in July.

Mack's good featherweight, Art Wander, is laid up with a broken hand, which will soon be right again. Wander, in shape, is a very good 122-pounder.

There are several good matches hanging fire for Buffalo. One of them will bring Tommy Ryan against Carl Tremaine or Pancho Villa. Another will be Johnny Gill and Frankie Schoell; Art Weygand and Tiger Flowers is another.

Willie Cleary, former amateur, is making good as a junior welterweight. Willie is a nephew of the late Paddy Lavin, in his day one of the best welterweight and middleweight boxers in the country.

Dick Nugent was assigned to referee the Tommy Gibbons-Gene Tunney bout in New York. According to all reports Nugent made a fine impression and will be welcomed back in the Big Town.

Freddy Mueller defeated Frankie Bull of Toronto; Willie Kohler won over Christie Mueller; Al Paul knocked out Johnny McGreggor and Bob Nolan boxed a draw with Joe Daley on the Siki-Weygand card.

CAROLINA NOTES
By NIXON E. JONES

After many furious rounds of preliminaries between local soldiers and Fayetteville, N. C. civilians in semi-final, Lou Gugliemini of Charlotte, N. C., won a very popular decision over Battling Conway of Fort Bragg.

Ken Burriss, Carolina's undefeated welterweight champion, and Larry Avera, the Atlanta ace, fought ten fast and furious rounds with Avera getting the military decision. Although Burriss has met and defeated Avera in previous fights he has never been able to give Avera a lacing as severe as on this occasion in this particular fight. The writer can hardly see how the judges could possibly give Avera the decision. Avera's left eye was completely closed in the second round, one of Burriss's hard rights caught Avera in the fourth round, fracturing his jaw. This caused Avera to cover, run and clinch throughout the fight.

On May 14 Burriss knocked out K. O. Moore, of Ft. McPhearson, Ga. This was the first time in Moore's fighting career that he has been knocked off his feet.

Boxing in North Carolina seems to be getting a better hold with new promoters springing up in different towns, Carolina boys are in great demand. Raleigh, N. C., was once a leading town in this sport until Young Stribling staged one of his ten-round dances and put a bad taste in the fans' mouths. But now the fans have one sure comeback.

Joe Turner, one of the country's best wrestlers, is the local Tex Rickard. Besides wrestling several times a month he is putting on some good boxing shows.

We have had trouble with small town promoters until the State recently levied a tax on each show. This has put boxing on a better basis.

FISTIC NEWS FROM GEORGIA
By COLEMAN McGRILL

The Fourth of July hereabouts was celebrated with a bang. All cities in Georgia of any size had a boxing show with the exception of Atlanta, where the game has been at a standstill since the new boxing commission has been created in January. The new commission has made it difficult for a promoter to operate here at a profit.

Larry Avera, Southern junior welter champion, is forced to take a vacation. Larry, who recently defeated Ken Burris in Fort Bragg, N. C., suffered a fractured jaw in the early rounds. While Avera won practically all the rounds, he was compelled to go under the care of a physician immediately after the bout.

It is rumored hereabouts that Lew Silver, one of the most promising young fighters developed in the South, will be compelled to retire from the boxing game. Silver developed eye trouble fifteen months ago. Though he has consulted a number of prominent specialists, the little fellow has been unable to get right.

Silver made a remarkable record during his short stay in the ring. He is a natural hitter and has a pretty left hand. Jake Abel, old-time welterweight, who taught Silver most of the fine points about the game, predicted a bright future for the youngster. Silver, who is a student at a local dental college, will devote his time to his dental work from now on.

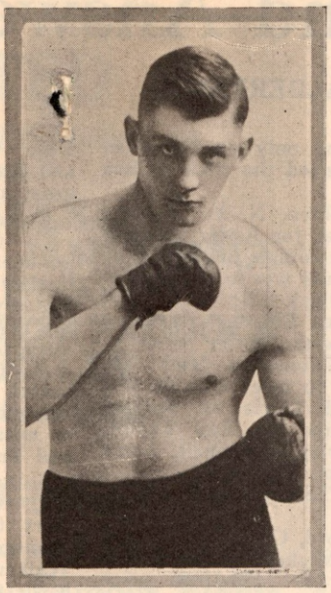
Billy McGowan, local light heavy, is keeping his record clean. Billy recently journeyed to Mobile, Ala., where he faced Martin Burke, New Orleans light heavy. Burke scored a k. o over McGowan in three rounds.

Ed Alexander of Savannah is keeping his Southern 118-pound champion, Pinkie May, busy. Pinkie retained his title by giving Benny Ross, champion of Carolina, a neat trimming in ten rounds.

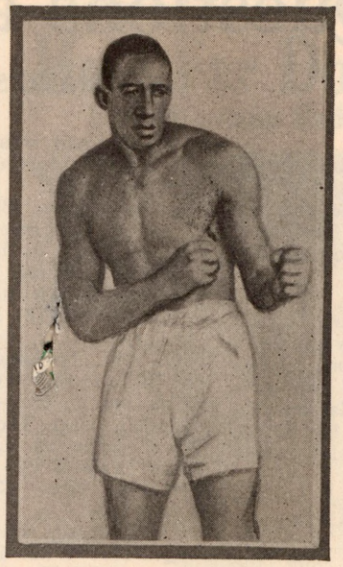
Billy Lotz, in addition to guiding Larry Avera, is also handling K. O. Dugan, a heavyweight of Georgia. Dugan is a fine looking prospect, is over six feet in height, and weighs 195 pounds.

Pete Cole, a Rome, Ga., youngster, ran into a surprise the other day when he was defeated by Young Smith, an unknown, in a Chattanooga ring. Cole later defeated Freddy Boorde in six rounds.

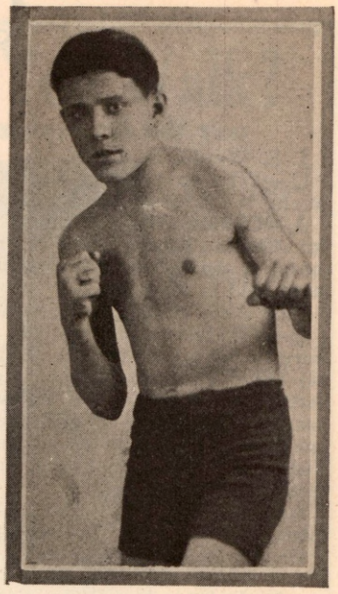
Archie Bell, New York City's latest star featherweight



Ray Schieffer, 225 pound Western heavyweight prospect



Billy Hicks, formerly known as "Allentown" Joe Gans of Penna.



Paul Baker, Baltimore featherweight, a newcomer in fistic circles

TORONTO NOTES
By JACK JARVIS

Several well known and enterprising gentlemen are planning to enter the promoting field this season. They intend to feature the best fighters on the continent and to develop the pick of the local talent. With these objects in view the Queen City in the near future should be one of the best fight centers on the continent.

Elmer Watt continues to forge ahead in his effort to gain fistic prominence. The latest feat of Willie Morrisey's hard battling gamester was to dash over to Syracuse, where he appeared before Charlie Huck's patrons, who saw this improved youngster pound and bump Morrie Desprey, a good Scranton bantamweight, all over the Salina Street pastures. A few more winning fights and Mr. Watt will be a force to reckon with.

Chris Newton, Canadian junior lightweight champion, entered the matrimonial field on June 24. He was married to Miss Kathleen Redden of Mimico. The popular lightweight left with his bride for Chicago, where they will honeymoon for a couple of weeks. The happy couple were showered with congratulations from their numerous friends.

Bobby Eber, one time peer of the bantamweights, continues to stick to the hard training grind in his efforts to make a successful comeback. Bob's first bout will probably be with Howard Mayberry. Charlie Hallet figures on using him against a suitable opponent in one of his out-of-town promotions.

The last English mail brings word that a smart English featherweight, Billy Coleburn, contemplates a visit to this side of the "pond." On his record, Coleburn looks to have a good chance of getting some real coin over here. At any rate, the English youth has mingled successfully with boys like Johnny Brown, the European bantam king; Johnny Cuthbert, Bugler Lake, Harry Corbett, Joe Samuels and other stars. If Coleburn can show the customers the class, he will have no trouble getting a crack at Leo Kid Roy, and his British Empire featherweight crown.

Frankie Bull, Canadian lightweight champion, will very probably leave for the West in a few days and defend his title against Young Lundy. Saskatchewan promoters are doing their best to entice the beltholder to pay them a visit.

Frank is waiting to hear from promoters in Regina, Moose Jaw, Calgary and Vancouver. Perhaps Winnipeg will want to use him, too. Frankie appeared in the Prairie City early in the year and delighted the fight followers with the way he manhandled Reddy Blanchard. He gave that tough lumberjack an artistic, decisive lacing. Several attempts have been made by Winnipegers to have Bull box in their city again and it is likely that he will be seen in action after his Sask engagement.

Toronto boxers have not been faring too well in their out-of-town battles. Jackie Johnstone, Donnie Mack, Geo. Fifield, new Canadian welterweight champ, all finished second against Sylvia Myreault, Roy Chisholm and Rene Devos, respectively.

There is some talk of Toronto sportsmen putting up a belt for a championship affair between Bull and Fifield. The latter acquired the welter honors when he won over Bert Schneider. Frank and Georgie fought at catchweights last season when the lightweight champion handed out a neat lacing to the stocky, aggressive Fifield.

"Nervy Nat" continues his racket of "crashing gates."

MONTREAL GOSSIP
By MAXIE LEWIS

Billy Moorehouse, versatile matchmaker of the Regal A. C. which operates at the Mount Royal Arena, staged another one of his all six rounds, popular price shows on June 10. Pugilistically, the show was a big success with all five bouts going the scheduled number of rounds and honest-to-goodness fighting crammed into every round that sent the customers away highly satisfied. From a financial viewpoint the show was a complete flivver, the clug going on the "nut" for plenty.

In the writer's opinion, if the club was to put on one ten-round bout as a feature and the other bouts of six rounds' duration, a marked improvement would be seen when the gate receipts are counted. In the two shows that the Regal Club staged although all the bouts were well contested and interesting, what each show really needed was a backbone, a foundation or feature bout. It's like seeing a play with the last act eliminated. If Moorehouse is merely speculating, his investment is liable to prove costly for it will take many shows of that order to get enough fans to patronize and put the six-round game on a paying basis. He has our best wishes.

Ted Cossette, Gerald Beaudin, George Chabot and "Battling" Sandrelli were winners over Mickey Ashline, "Chick" Paquette, Jerry Benard and "Young" Moran, respectively, while Joe Villeneiuve and Ken Haifman went six fast rounds to a draw.

On June 17, at the "Forum" the newly formed Metropolitan Sporting Club made its debut in fistic circles with Edouard Mascart, featherweight champion of Europe, featured. Matched against Mascart was Tommy Noble who proved nothing more than a veritable punching bag. Local fans would like to see Mascart cross gloves with "Kid" Roy, Billie Defoe or Danny Kramer, but that seems impossible now with the Frenchman leaving for his native heath.

George Fifield, of Toronto, welterweight champion of Canada and a great favorite with local fight fans, met his first defeat in a Montreal ring at the hands of Rene De Vos, middleweight champion of Belgium. Although beaten, Fifield lost no prestige, for in meeting De Vos he was going out of his class stacking up against a middleweight and a good one at that.

In another bout Sylvio Mireault, local featherweight, won a decision over Jackie Johnson of Toronto. The general opinion of the fans was that a draw would have been a fairer decision.

Mickey McGowan defeated "Battling" Landrelli in six rounds and "Art" Dufort knocked out Leo Lafontaine in short order.

Armand Vincent is the club's matchmaker with offices at 503 New Birks building.

In its initial venture, the Metropolitan lost in the vicinity of twenty-five hundred dollars. Experience costs money is right.

George Gibbons, hard punching 150-pounder, has placed himself under the management of Maxie Lewis, who has signed him to box Rene De Vos, in the feature bout of the Metropolitan S. C.'s next show on July 27 at the "Forum" or in the open air if suitable accommodation can be found. In meeting Gibbons, De Vos will be faced by a youngster who has knocked out 21 of the 25 opponents he has met to date.

That, I believe, is a better record than Berlenbach or Dempsey can boast of. Although not a Berlenbach or a Dempsey, Gibbons has visions of someday reaching the top. He has the qualifications to make a champion and mainly a knockout punch, also gameness and some boxing ability. De Voe may be "listening to the birdies" before his date with Gibbons is over.

Ralph McNaughton, the crack Quebec 122-pounder, may shortly be seen in action here with some "Irish flash" to meet some good boys from the U. S. for the metropolitan club of this city. Toronto wants him with Johnson, and Hamilton is planning a McNaughton-Bobby Ebor bout.

Lou "Kid" Lewis, Canada's premier lightweight, after being laid up for three months with a bad hand, is now reported ready to box again. The "Kid" defies any lightweight and is especially anxious to meet Ted Cossette. Wonder if Ted is as anxious to meet the "Lachine Idol."

Leo "Kid" Roy may not be seen in his postponed bout with Danny Kramer until the fall. The busted "duke" Roy received when he beat Bobby Garcia is now in a plaster cast and will take months to mend.

WASHINGTON, D. C.
By PATSY DONOVAN

Boxing here during the past month has been at a standstill owing mainly to the delay in the court handing down a decision as to the legality of boxing under the Club Membership plan. Frank A. Dane, matchmaker of the National Capital Sporting Club, expects to have things straightened out within the near future and resume his bi-monthly shows.

The Washington Barracks and Ft. Myer both resumed shows during the month. On July 2 at the Barracks, Eddie Bowen met Hank Dundee. On July 9, Honey Boy Finnegan opposed Lew Mayrs, while on the 16th at Ft. Myer, Al Foreman boxed Paddy McNulty.

During the layoff here many of the boxers have been working in towns further south. Young Dencio is quite a hit at Norfolk, Va., while Terry O'Day is a real sensation in Charlotte, N. C. Sammy Hogan and Toney Eppolucci have also fought good fights in Charlotte.

Jimmy Waterman, sailor boxer, stationed here during the past nine months, has been transferred to the Pacific Coast. While here Jimmy compiled quite a knockout record. In twenty fights only three opponents went the entire distance with him, those being Willie Ptomey, Texas Stovall and Frank Teichmann. Jimmy should bump off a few out on the Coast also, since he is one powerful puncher.

Goldie Ahern, local featherweight, is now making his home at Atlantic City. In his only start to date there he defeated Young Scott, who has defeated some of the best feathers in the division.

Jack Kendrick, middleweight fighter from the Navy, is causing quite a sensation here. In his three starts to date he has won all by the K. O. It looks like he is taking up where Jimmy Waterman left off. A bout between Kendrick and Waterman would have surely been a thriller.

Paddy McNulty, former featherweight champion of the U. S. Navy, is about town looking for action. He will get started on the 16th when he meets Al Foreman at Ft. Myer.

Harry "Kid" Groves, a lightweight from the Mohawk Club, is the most promising youngster to be developed here in the past year. Groves can out box most of the local boys and is a wonderful puncher. By the time he is of age he should be a full-fledged middlewight.

Questions and Answers

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

J. E. Wardo, St. Louis, Mo.

Q.—Who do you consider the best boxer among the present negro lightweights?

A.—Cirilian Olan, of Cuba. He knocked out Clonie Tait in the recent semi-final round of the lightweight elimination tournament held in New York.

Jack Rick, Bridgeport, Conn.

Q.—(1) If Harry Greb and Lou Bogash were to fight, who do you think would win? (2) The Everlast Boxing Record claims that Jack Delaney was knocked out only once in his career. Wasn't he flattened in one round by Augie Ratner and by Young Fisher in three? (3) Where can I obtain a record of Lou Bogash?

A.—(1) Greb. (2) Yes. (3) From his manager, Joe Smith, Bridgeport, Conn.

George Levine, Tupper Lake, N. Y.

Q.—When did Mike Gibbons quit the ring? Did he box Mike O'Dowd at the Queensboro A. C.? How many years ago?

A.—Gibbons hung up his gloves in 1922. He fought O'Dowd ten rounds at Ebbet's Field, Brooklyn, four years ago.

Inquirer, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—When will Jimmy Slattery become of age?

A.—About the middle of August.

J. E. S., New York City.

Q.—Who were the promoters of the Milk Fund, Italian Hospital Fund and the Gibbons-Tunney events?

A.—Tex Rickard and W. S. Farnsworth, the latter representing Mrs. W. R. Hearst; Humbert J. Fugazy, Senator James J. Walker, William Long and A. A. Bertini; Polo Grounds, A. C., Charles Stoneham.

Frank Sullivan, the Bronx, N. Y. City.

Q.—Who is making matches for the Dexter Park Stadium, Brooklyn?

A.—Handsome Joe Jacobs.

A Fan, San Francisco, Cal.

Q.—Do you think Jack Dempsey has made up his mind to stop fighting?

A.—All indications point to his retirement.

John Lucas, New Dorp, S. I.

Q.—Who manages Johnny Wilson, former middleweight titleholder?

A.—Frank Marlowe.

Negro Reader, Harlem, New York City.

Q.—How many fights has Black Bill fought?

A.—105, according to his manager.

James J. Messenger, Newark, N. J.

Q.—Who looks after the interests of Eddie (Kid) Wagner?

A.—Maxie (Boo Boo) Hoff, of Philadelphia.

A Reader, Buenos Aires, S. A.

Q.—Where can I purchase a copy of the rules of the New York State Athletic Commission?

A.—Just write to Dan Skilling, secretary, Flatiron Bldg., New York City, and he will be pleased to forward you a copy.

Carlos Enrique, Havana, Cuba.

Q.—How can we get Sid Terris to come down and fight for us? Is his price exorbitant? Is he your best lightweight?

A.—Write to his manager, Dan Caplin, No. 140 West 42d Street, New York City. Close to it. Possibly one better, Sammy Mandell.

J. S. A., Newark, N. J.

Q.—Has Mickey Walker signed a five-year fight contract with Jack Kearns, or is it merely for the movies?

A.—Both—if Mickey can pose all well and good.

A Reader, New York City.

Q.—Were the following ever knocked out and by whom—Ansel Bell, Al Brown, Bobby Garcia, Jimmy Slattery, Young Stribling, Chick Suggs, Kid Sullivan?

A.—Herman was the only one knocked out. Pepper Martin turned the trick in less than one round.

James Brown, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—(1) Is it true that Joe Ryder knocked out Sid Terris in three rounds in 1922? (2) Who do you think would win in a fight between Al Brown and Black Bill?

A.—(1) No. (2) Black Bill.

Charlie Baker, Rochester, N. Y.

Q.—(1) Is King Soloman a Jew? (2) If the following were to meet who do you think would win—Sid Terris vs. Sammy Mandell, Carl Tremaine vs. Bud Taylor, Harry Felix vs. Charley O'Connell, Louis (Kid) Kaplan vs. Babe Herman?

A.—(1) No. (2) Terris, Taylor, Felix, Kaplan.

Jeff Johnson, Stamford, Conn.

Q.—(1) What is Mickey Walker's real name and address? (2) Why do prize figthers take other names when they enter the ring?

A.—(1) Edward Michael Walker, Rumson, N. J. (2) No particular reason.

Jimmy Cerreta, Canton, Ohio.

Q.—(1) Where and when was Johnny Dundee knocked out and how old is he? (2) Who won first fight in the Garden between Dundee and Terris? (3) Do you think Samy Mandell will enter the lightweight tournament again after losing to Goodrich? (4) What stock does Goodrich come from? (5) Is Spalla still fighting and where? (6) Did Dundee ever fight Mandell? Who would be the winner if they should?

A.—(1) Philadelphia, 1917. (2) Terris. (3) He can't. (4) Irish (5) Yes, Italy. (6) No. Mandell.

Tony Betts, New York City.

Q.—(1) What was the name of the referee who picked up Ad Wolgast in his historical encounter with Mexican Joe Rivers after both men had been knocked down and counted Rivers out? (2) Did the California boxing solons suspend the referee for his dishonesty and for how long?

A.—(1) Jack Welch. (2) No. There was no boxing commission in those days.

W. Steinbrickner, New York City.

Q.—Do you think Benny Leonard will ever fight Mickey Walker, and who do you think would win if they ever fought?

A.—Yes. Leonard.

John Castelli, Schenectady, N. Y.

Q.—Have Paul Perlenbach and Young Stribling ever fought each other?

A.—Yes.

Ring Reader, Moosehead Lake, Me.

Q.—(1) What weight did Honey Mellody fight at? Was he a negro? (2) Was there a middleweight by the name of Frankie Mantell who fought around Providence twenty years ago?

A.—(1) Between 138 and 140. No. (2) Yes.

Erskine McIllwaine, Monroe, N. C.

Q.—Is Larry McGrath an ex-fighter? Does he appear in moving pictures? Did he referee a fight not long ago with Mickey Walker one of the contestants? (2) Has Jimmy Slattery ever fought Harry Greb and what was the result? (3) Do you consider Sammy Mandell a better fighter than Sid Terris? Have they both been eliminated from the lightweight tournament and by whom? (4) Has Mickey Walker ever been knocked out? (5) Who do you think will succeed Benny Leonard? (6) Who are those still left in the lightweight tournament? (7) Do fighters train all the time or just when they have a fight scheduled?

A.—(1) You must have in mind Tim McGrath. (2) Greb defeated Slattery on points in six rounds. (3) Yes. Mandell was disqualified. Terris did not enter. (4) Yes. (5) Terris. (6) Jimmy Goodrich and Stanislaus Loayza. (7) Some do but great majority do not.

Clyde Berry, Dawson, New Brunswick.

Q.—(1) What is meant by pulling punches? (2) Who do you think would win if they should meet—Leonard vs. Walker, Slattery vs. Tunny? (3) What man stands the best chance of winning the crown from Dempsey?

A.—(1) When a man has his opponent beaten and takes pity on him he bluffs with his punches, sending them around the neck or missing by an open gate. (2) Leonard and Tunny. (3) Wills.

Solly Goldstein, Newark, N. J.

Q.—(1) Is seventeen years too young to start fighting and where can I get my license? (2) Who gave Dempsey, Greb, Walker, Leonard, Kaplan, and Villa their hardest fights? (3) What chance has Jack Rappaport to win the welter title? (4) Has Abe Goldstein a chance to get his title back?

A.—No. N. Y. State Athletic Commission, Flatiron Bldg., New York City. (2) Gunboat Smith, Gene Tunney, Morris Schlaiffer, Ever Hammer, Babe Herman, Mike Ballerino. (3) None. (4) No.

Carmen Longo, Philadelphia.

Q.—What are Jeff Smith's height and weight and how old is he?

A.—Five feet ten inches, 160 pounds, 33 years.

Larry Doyle, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—(1) How many newspaper decisions does Johnny Dundee hold over Benny Leonard? (2) Do you think Johnny Dundee in his prime could beat McGovern and Dixon? (3) What is the nationality of Eddie Shea, Chicago bantamweight?

A.—(1) None. (2) No. (3) Italian-American.

Oswald H. Powell, New Britain, Conn.

Q.—(1) When was the twenty-round law killed in California? (2) When did the no-decision bill go into effect in New Jersey? (3) Are boxing contests held in the city of Chicago? Why not? How long have they been stopped?

A.—(1) 1914. (2) Six years ago. (3) No. No law. Twenty-five years.

Emil Greys, Freeland, Pa.

Q.—(1) Were there any elimination tournament in the lightweight division prior to this? (2) Was Tex Rickard a boxer before he became a promoter?

A.—(1) No. (2) No.

Charlie Becker, Rochester, N. Y.

Q.—(1) What is the nationality, weight and did Al McCoy ever hold a championship? (2) If Leonard returned to the ring do you think the following would have a chance to beat him—Ace Hudkins, Terris, Mandell, Benny Valger?

A.—(1) Hebrew, 158 pounds. Yes, middleweight.

Q.—What are the nationalities of Charlie Rosen, Joe Tiplitz, Bennie Yanger?

A.—Hebrew, Hebrew, Italian.

Smiling Jack Ditora, Philadelphia.

Q. What are the nationalities of Casper Leon and Harlem Tommy Murphy?

A.—Italian, Irish.

Jack Cohen, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q. What are the nationalities of Red Chapman and Mickey Brown.

A.—Both Hebraic.

Joe Dellecave, New York City.

Q.—Was Lew Paluso ever knocked out? Is Emil Paluso his brother and was he ever flattened? What are their nationalities?

A.—No. Yes. Italian.

Jack Sullivan, New York City.

Q.—Were Jimmy Slattery and Young Stribling ever knocked out?

A.—No.

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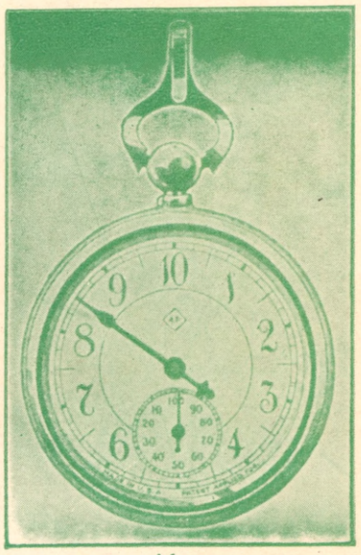

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—N. Y. Times, May 26, 1926.

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